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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Landscape Architecture of the Great Painters of Italy. By G. L. M., [Gilbert Laing Meason,] Esq. 4to. pp. 147. London, 1828. Carpenter and Son.

In this volume (of which it appears that only 150 copies have been printed, for private circulation, and not published) one of the most interesting and important branches of the Fine Arts—architecture—is taken up in a very novel manner; and is admirably treated, not only as connected with another branch of the Fine Arts—painting—but with reference to its own origin, qualities, and effects.

The author commences his work by an essay on domestic architecture, in which he justly attributes the rise and progress of architecture generally to religious zeal; and after enumerating some of the magnificent and venerable edifices which that zeal, aided by public spirit or national pride, has constructed in various countries, describes the advance from the rude dwelling of the individual to the stately mansion, as tardy compared to the progress of public architecture. He proceeds to treat of defensive architecture, and traces the similarity which exists in the construction of fortified towns and buildings throughout a wide extent of Asia and Europe; without, however, drawing the conclusion that in that respect the one quarter of the world has borrowed from the other. After learned and interesting descriptions of the Roman villa, the masonry of Roman architecture, and the architecture of the middle ages, the author thus speaks of the domestic architecture of England:—

“After the cessation of the wars of the families of York and Lancaster, the fortified style of architecture was gradually abandoned in England; and as we had no other model of domestic architecture than the gable-end cottage, by the duplication of this simple form, in various positions, was constructed what has been called the old English manor-house style. If we take a common two-floored English gable-end cottage, add to it one, two, or three cottages, side by side, of the same size; and, in order to gain rooms out of the roof on the sides of this double or triple cottage, raise gable-ends either projecting from the ground to the top of the roof, or merely raised from the eaves-drop; if we insert broad low windows, divided by simple wooden or stone mullions, in these projecting gable-ends, and similar windows at the ends of this double or triple cottage; ornament the inclined sides of the gable-ends above the eaves-drop by steps, or small pinnacles, or both; then add a parapet, plain or embattled, we have a manor-house in the most florid style. Many such houses came afterwards to be adorned by a centre of architectural decorations, in which Roman, Grecian, and Gothic, were strangely mixed. There is, however, a certain degree of antique-like grandeur in such houses which produces a very striking impression. This step towards a better style took place before the time of Inigo Jones. . . . Inigo Jones,

our first architect of taste and genius, introduced the mixed Greek and Roman architecture, and often added them to our own national style; but at a long interval, Lord Burlington shewed us the beauty of the pure Palladian architecture. . . . To the Palladian villas succeeded the Roman style, in which the two brothers, the Adams, excelled beyond all competitors. But when a taste for any particular style of architecture passes away, it is too common to laud the new and decry the old, without measure and reason. We may safely allow the Grecian school the first place in architectural rank; but for domestic application, the Italian is decidedly more useful, and within the reach of our comforts and habits; and in these objects, we consider the Grecian quite out of place for a country residence. But in passing from the Italian decorated style, we ran into the opposite extreme; and the most clumsy mass of masonry that any country ever produced was adopted. It was a tasteless heavy cube, with no other claim to any style than a pediment projecting a few inches beyond the centre division of the front wall, generally unsupported either by columns or [by] pilasters; and this architectural elevation was termed the Grecian style. While under the influence or fashion of this wretched style, mere working masons started up as architects; and the man of taste, who travelled to acquire a knowledge of his profession, and studied on the spot the models of Greece and Rome, was about to be set aside. To this style (not yet entirely banished) have succeeded the castellated, termed Gothic, and the priory styles; and, in many cases, a mixture of both, where the castle, the cloister, and the chapel, are joined together in a manner not very intelligible; where the towers are mere staircases, the cloisters public rooms, and the chapel is a good useful kitchen. Either on account of the expense, or by the incongruity of the building, this style also is at a stand, and the irregular country house is likely to be in fashion.”

The author now enters on the main subject of his work—the Landscape Architecture of the Italian Painters; and acknowledges that the hint of it originated in the following passage in Mr. Payne Knight's Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste:—

“The best style of architecture for irregular and picturesque houses which can now be adopted, is that mixed style which characterises the buildings of Claude and the Poussins; for as it is taken from models which were built piece-meal, during many successive ages, and by several different nations, it is distinguished by no particular manner of execution or class of ornaments, but admits of all promiscuously, from a plain wall or buttress of the roughest masonry to the most highly wrought Corinthian capital: and in a style professedly mis-

• We trust that the Tudor style, the most picturesque of them all, and the fittest for the climate and habits of this country, will speedily supersede every other, as the growing taste for that beautiful architecture strikingly pronounces.—Ed. L. G.

cellaneous, such contrasts may be employed to heighten the relish of beauty, without disturbing the enjoyment of it by any appearance of deceit or imposture. In a matter, however, which affords so wide a field for the licentious deviations of whim and caprice, it may be discreet always to pay some attention to authority; especially when we have such authorities as those of the great landscape painters above mentioned, the study of whose works may at once enrich and restrain invention.”

In furtherance of this object of the composition of irregular buildings, in the mixed style of architecture thus pointed out by Mr. Knight, the author of the work before us strongly recommends a study of the back-grounds of the historical works of the great Italian painters, in which buildings are introduced, either to connect the ground and throw off the distance, or to fill up too much vacancy in the off-scape.

“If (he observes) we may judge of this incidental architecture of the great painters of Italy, we cannot pronounce it either Grecian, or Roman, or Gothic. It is evidently of different periods, fortuitously formed by additions made either to a tower, or to ranges of substructions of an ancient date, as suited the convenience or habits of the owners. Its picturesque effect is produced by contrast and disposition of large broad masses and extended lines, which inevitably lead to grandeur. In the outline against the sky there is a balanced variety, if we may so express it, but devoid of that overdone irregularity which hurts the eye more than plain unvaried lines; nor are the towers so crowded upon one another, as we have seen in some modern irregular architecture; but well-placed projections in the line of the buildings produce their full effect of light and shade. In executing such a style of rural buildings there is more scope for the taste, invention, and dexterity of the architect, than in common regular plans. On his taste, as he is not bound to any rules, must depend the general effect of his composition, adapted for the site; on his invention, for the production of those broad masses and varied outline; and on his dexterity, for the appropriation of so irregular a building to the wants, convenience, and comforts required in a country house, suitable to the habits and fortune of the proprietor. Throwing aside the trammels of the regular Greek and Roman school of architecture, an endless variety opens up to the architect. In these schools certain fixed proportions and arrangement of parts are already laid down to him. He can only slightly depart from the standard: he may transpose, but cannot invent: he may load with ornament merely to hide the copy; and thus the simple front is broken up by columns, or half, or quarter columns, and pilasters, supporting pediments raised up on arcades, or on a kind of stylobate reaching to the first floor. The architect, besides, can with difficulty indulge

• “A friend of taste and discernment has on this subject often exclaimed:—‘Give me but the management of the doors and windows, chimneys and sky-line of a house, although the front be as flat as a cotton-mill, I can contrive to make it picturesque.’”

his employer in that desire, which many have, to build a house not exactly like to any other. This irregular style requires no ornaments, yet they may be admitted in the cornices, the windows, and door-ways, so as to accord with the irregular style, and, at the same time, not diminish the general effect of the edifice. Modern regular architecture some years ago ran into excess of ornament; and such excess is sure to make great buildings look small, by dividing the whole into many parts, not obviously connected. It is almost needless to add, that what has been said of this irregular style applies entirely to country residences. In city architecture, the Grecian, the Roman, the Italian, and the Tuscan, can alone be employed."

Some judicious and valuable remarks succeed on Tuscan and Gothic architecture; and the volume concludes with a detailed description of the lithographic plates by which it is illustrated. They are nearly sixty in number, and are executed by Mr. H. W. Burgess, who, in a very tasteful and masterly manner, has introduced into them specimens of architecture found in the back-grounds of pictures by Dominichino, Raphael, Titian, Nicolo Poussin, Paul Veronese, Claude Lorraine, Tintoretto, Albano, Mola, Gaspar Poussin, A. Caracci, Swanewelt, Philippo Lauri, Guido, Moucheron, Michael Angelo, Guercino, Lavinia Fontana, Baptista Franco, Palma Vecchio, Benazzo Gozzoli, Giorgioni, Breemberg, Andrea Mantegna, Julio Romano, Sermonita, Giotto, Leonardo da Vinci, Parmegiano, Pontormo, Andrea del Sarto, Salvatore Rosa, &c.

We cannot close our notice of this elegant volume better than by quoting the following passage from it, in assertion of the claims of the Fine Arts to honourable distinction and the gratitude of mankind:—

"The primitive times have been, from the dawn of poetry, held up to the imagination as the days of innocence and virtue; and moralists have maintained, that the absence of the Fine Arts is favourable to the morals and industry, to the energy and independence, of a people; while their cultivation laid nations open to the inroads of enervating luxury and debilitating refinement. But the history of these arts disproves altogether such theories. In Egypt, their cradle, they flourished most when she was a powerful country, and had rendered her narrow territory the most fertile. In Greece, they arrived at perfection when more energy of intellect and more splendid deeds were displayed than perhaps the world may ever again contemplate and admire. In Asia Minor, they were maintained while the successors of Alexander, with a handful of Greeks, kept in submission, and at the same time enlightened, the former subjects of the great Persian monarchy. In Italy, they concentrated from subdued states, and were cherished when 'the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilised portion of mankind,' when 'the gentle but powerful influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces.' And again, after a dark period of intervening barbarism, the descendants of the Romans restored to light, almost miraculously, the treasures of ancient wisdom; the philosophy, the history and jurisprudence, the poetry and oratory, of Greece and of Rome. All Europe became gradually enlightened by this collected knowledge, which has left us little else to do on such subjects than to expand, to vary, and to imitate: then did the Fine Arts revive and flourish, while every petty state of Italy displayed a vigour and energy not unworthy of the Grecian era."

Journey to Morocco. By Captain G. Beauchlerk. 8vo. pp. 355. London, 1828. Poole and Edwards.

CAPTAIN BEAUCHLERK having, together with another military officer, Mr. Murray, accompanied Dr. Brown, of the Royal Medical Staff, from Gibraltar to Morocco, where the Sultan had requested his advice and assistance, this volume is the literary result of his journey. Belonging to the Welsh fusiliers, the noble captain does not pretend to the most classical or philosophical accomplishments; but, under the idea that an account of his travels, even succeeding those of Ali Bey, might contribute something to the amusement of the public, he has ventured to take the pen for the sword, and to spill ink instead of blood. "Hope not, therefore (says he, truly enough), hope not, reader, to be rocked into an easy slumber by long and learned quotations from profane writers, tending to prove what can alone be interesting to dusty book-worms and musty antiquaries; but, if you are content to accompany me in my vagaries as a citizen of the world, and take the rough and smooth as it may occur, jump up behind me on my mule's back; his paces are irregular, 'tis true; but though he may often stumble, I trust we shall find that he reaches his journey's end without falling to the ground."

With every disposition to accept the excuses made by the author for his authorship, we must notice, that the mule does stumble a little more palpably than we can think allowable. There is a frequent freedom of allusion and expression which might well enough befit the mess-room narrative after dinner, but which is unbecoming in a printed book, intended for general circulation. And we are the more sorry for this deformity, because, in other respects, though it tells us very little of either new or rare, there are a pleasantry and easy communicativeness in Captain Beauchlerk's volume which render it very agreeable reading, and put us on excellent terms with the writer. We ever and anon wish that, like Barney in the ballad, he would "leave the girls alone;" but they never cross him that he does not fall into such glowing descriptions as force the Fusiliers and Wales, with its kindred goats, all into the moving panorama. However, we have nothing to do with these siroccos of the gorgel and sash; and shall, with leave, (avoiding all indecencies) proceed in regular marching order, land at Tangiers, and continue our route by Aveya, Rabat, Sallée, &c. &c., to Morocco. A day's journey from Tangiers, the cavalcade, or mule-caid (if more correct), fell in with a Moorish saint.

"In the midst of our supper a noise was heard from without, and shortly after a miserably clad, dirty old man entered the apartment, supported by two Moors, and followed by a host of ragamuffins. This procession no sooner appeared at the door, than Hodge Hadoud (a respectable merchant who was travelling with our countryman) started from his seat, crying *Santo!* and rushing up to the old man, he kissed his shoulders and hands, and seemed ready to drop on his knees in adoration of this perfect monster. After a few compliments, we were introduced to him, and he assured us that he was glad to see us, and that good would attend us wherever we went. We then all sat down, while continual fresh arrivals of Moors were kissing the hem of his filthy garment. Our guards came to him also, and putting into his hands two or

three pistories, called on him for his blessing. A sort of pause then ensued; and the old fellow seemed to be mumbling something to himself, as he counted his beads, and turned his eye-balls towards the heavens. Never was the oracle of Delphos more intently watched by the heathen worshipper than was this saint by the Moors who had gathered round him; and when he did speak, which was in short broken sentences, they caught at each word with a degree of superstitious avidity that is inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with the gross ignorance of a Moor. After one of these long pauses, which we expected was to produce some artful *double entendre*, the venerable old rogue turned suddenly towards Mr. Murray, and begged a pistorie towards the increase of his charitable fund. For a moment that gentleman was so astonished at the demand, and so unwilling to subscribe to such disgusting imposition, that he hesitated complying; but Hodge Hadoud, who had been anxiously watching the issue of the scene, begged of him to give the money for him. Seeing the anxiety of our friend, the Hodge, Mr. Murray immediately gave the pistorie, which the saint pocketed with unblushing coolness. After having staid about a quarter of an hour, our unwelcome guest took his leave, followed by the posse which had attended him to our house. He was a man about five feet eight inches in height, and appeared to be between seventy and eighty years old. His head and features were regular, and his eyes remarkably sharp and brilliant. At first his venerable white beard, and a silly imbecile look that pervaded his countenance, made me imagine that he was half idiotical; but when he was quietly seated near the light, I looked long and steadfastly at his countenance, and could perceive that it displayed marks of the deepest cunning concealed under a most hypocritical surface. When he was gone, Hodge Hadoud told us, with a very grave countenance, that this was one of the greatest saints in the kingdom; that every one who entered Arzela repaired to his house, and after having asked permission to proceed on his journey, gave him whatever money he desired, which, of course, was regulated by the riches or poverty of the suppliant; that even the sultan presented him with a large purse when he passed that way; and that accordingly he was considered to have amassed an enormous sum of money, of which, however, he declares he throws a great part into the sea annually. He further told us, that the saint was in the habit of doing a great many charitable acts among the poor of Arzela, and that he was served daily with fifty dishes of various sorts; that at least a hundred persons partook of this feast; and that his house was a sanctuary for all persecuted persons, from which no authority dared to drag them. I had heard Hodge Hadoud previously mention this saint; but I had no idea that a man of generally liberal notions, who had lived among enlightened people so long as he had, could be so blindly bigoted as to believe in the sanctity of such a disgusting old hypocrite as our visitor. At first, indeed, I thought that he merely followed the stream, which it would have been folly to have stemmed, but I soon found that he swam rather than floated with the current; for, before we left Arzela, he repaired to the saint, and having obtained his permission to proceed on his journey, he also begged for his protection, which the other granted, telling him that nothing but good awaited him, and then asked him for some money for charity,

The Hodge then proceeded to lay down one pistone after another, while the saint continued saying *more, more*, until thirty-two of them had found their way into the old fellow's pocket. A saint in Barbary is either a natural idiot or an hereditary saint, there being *saint families* in abundance. They are treated with the greatest respect; every one gives them money; and when they die, they are entombed with some other saint, generally on the border of a lake or river. I know of no greater or more striking proof of the lamentable ignorance of this nation, than their belief in the sanctity of these rogues and idiots,—the lucrativeness of whose profession excites hundreds to assume the maniac; and they are, consequently, to be found in abundance in every town in the kingdom."

No doubt they will; and in every country where impostors can subsist without labour there will be plenty of impostors, no matter what pretence, religious, political, or quackish, serve their purpose. A female saint, met with afterwards at Rabat, seems to have been a still more remarkable character.

"In passing (the captain states) through a narrow street, we inquired if a light could be procured for our cigars, upon which the black eunuch ran into a house and obtained us one, when one of the soldiers told me that this was the house of a female saint, whereupon I immediately inquired if we might be allowed to see her. The eunuch being informed of my desire, went into the house again, and presently returned with permission for us to enter; and we were immediately ushered into the presence of the saint. She was seated cross-legged upon a carpet, and rested her back against the wall. Her person, which was fat, was entirely enveloped, from the neck downwards, in a dark green cloak; her head was small and round, her eyes brown, and possessing great brilliancy, and a small mouth and good teeth added expression to a countenance not regularly pretty, but very pleasing and good-humoured. She had, however, seen her best days, although she appeared to be only about five-and-twenty years old. Her greatest charm was her hair, which fell down upon her shoulders in natural silken ringlets of the most brilliant jet. Never do I remember to have seen so beautiful a head of hair. We made our salaams, and she pointed to her carpet, desiring we would be seated. Our guards fell down, and touching the hem of her garment with the most profound veneration, kissed their hands, and then seated themselves around her. She opened the conversation by wishing us joy of our safe arrival at Rabat, and promising us a speedy termination of our journey, and a most favourable reception by the sultan. She then asked which was the doctor, and upon his being pointed out to her, she held out her hand for him to feel her pulse. She complained of cold and sore throat, for which he promised to send her some physic. She then turned suddenly to me, and said that 'the two I had left at Gibraltar were very well, and that I should find the young one on my return as I left her;' then addressing Mr. Murray, she promised him happiness of the same sort. All this was said without the least appearance of premeditation; on the contrary, from the suddenness with which she turned from one subject to another, and the wild abstracted look of her countenance, she seemed incapable of dwelling long on any subject. It was ludicrous to observe with what intense interest her audience listened to the loose, incoherent sentences which at intervals she uttered. At

times her mind appeared so abstracted, that she did not seem aware of our presence, and frequently shook back her long dark tresses, and drew her hand across her forehead, as if endeavouring to meet her absent thoughts. At last she assured us, that every good would attend us during our stay at Morocco, and the scene ended by a short prayer, which she mumbled to herself, followed by another in which she was joined by all the company present. They then all knelt down, and bowing their heads to the ground, kissed the hem of her garment, and took their leave. Just, however, as we were going away, she begged the doctor to look at a relation of her's, who was then in the house, and troubled with weak eyes. She then pointed to a door which was just enough open to allow of our seeing a pair of bright and dangerous-looking orbs, which appeared to me to have no reason to be called *weak*. A round, snowy arm, decorated with a huge silver bracelet, was thrust out through the opening for the doctor's inspection; for these people imagine that every disease of the body is to be judged of by the pulse. We were not aware, until we left the female saint, how great an honour had been conferred on us by our admission to her presence. She is, as Hadoud told us, one of the most celebrated saints in the kingdom. He added, that the sultan sends her, every now and then, a hundred dollars, and waits upon her in person; and that every one who comes to Rabat makes her some present; that she had very great powers of prophecy; and that we should find how every thing would come to pass as she had predicted. We asked Hadoud why he had not been to see her; he replied, that her eyes were so touching, that he was afraid of committing so great an impiety as that of being more pleased with the sight of her charms as a woman, than her presence as a saint. This delicacy of our friend reminded me of that feeling, the reverse of which actuated Don Juan in his devotions, when, as Lord Byron says,

"He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs hairy."

Our next quotation describes a characteristic feed given by the Basha of Salée.

"An English tea-board then made its respectable appearance, attended by a tea-kettle of steam-engine dimensions, and covered with mutilated coffee-cups of all ages, shapes, and sizes; and two large bowls of curious Fezzan earthenware, full of rich milk, formed the advance-guard of the motley Chinese corps drawn up behind them. Almond-paste cakes and sweetmeats were then handed round, the making of which is the business of the harem ladies; and here I may mention, that I have seen such a vast variety of finely made pastry at weddings in this country, as would have caused a Parisian pastry-cook to die of envy. We had scarcely finished our tea, when a huge baking-dish was set before us, containing nearly half a sheep, and so exquisitely dressed, and so finely flavoured, as to surpass any dish I have ever partaken of. My companions fully agreed with me; and we were preparing to do justice to its merits, when we missed the knives and forks. The basha, seeing what we stood in need of, sent immediately for what in Barbary are considered superfluous articles of luxury, where the use of knives and forks has not yet superseded that of the fingers; but Hadoud, seizing on the joint before him, began to pull it to pieces with his fingers, and culling the choicest and fattest parts, he offered them to us; at first we hesitated, from the force of cleanly habit, in receiving these delicate morsels from the hands of the hodge; but on his giving

us a hint in Spanish 'not to offend the company by our *fantasia*,' but to do as others did, we gave up all our scruples of delicacy, and fell to with so good a grace upon the baked mutton, that we soon convinced the Moors that we knew the way to our mouths without the help of knives and forks. Bunches of delicious grapes were handed round to us to eat with our meat,—a custom well worthy the notice of those *qui vivent pour manger*; and to please the Moors you must adopt this maxim. It was in vain that I declared to Hadoud that I had amply satisfied my appetite; he kept groping about the dish, exclaiming, *Mira, mira*, as he held up between his thumb and fingers the fat parts of the meat, which I was forced to accept. He declared that we had not eaten half a dinner; and he told us that when the Moors had eaten so much as to make it uncomfortable to themselves, they rubbed their stomachs against the wall, by which they were enabled to continue their feast; and that by taking large draughts of water at intervals, they reanimated their appetites and prevented repletion. Basins of cold water were then brought to us, and we washed our hands, whilst the black slaves carried away the mangled remains of the meat, and placed them before the basha and his ministers, who all huddled round the dish, and gave us a very fair specimen of what a Moor can eat. I shall never forget the amusement afforded us by the contrast between our friend Blue Beard, and an old, lean-faced, spare-ribbed secretary, who sat opposite to him, and seemed to be his partner in the royal game of eating; and well they played it too, for their hands were in long after those of the rest of the party were out. For some time the longitude of the quill-driver seemed well calculated to compete with the latitude of Blue Beard's belt; and they would probably have shared the food between them, but that the latter was supplied with a most invincible set of masticators, of four-jaw power, which continued for some time, like the stones of a stopped mill, to grind without grist, from their own momentum, while the efforts of the secretary had long ceased from weakness. Coffee was now served, and we lighted our cigars and walked out into the garden, whilst the doctor remained with the basha, who wished to consult him concerning his health."

The heat at Morocco was so excessive, that our party were confined by illness nearly all the time they were there,—about two months. The sultan treated them civilly and hospitably,—and, indeed, their general reception spoke much in favour of the good dispositions and kindness of the people. The monarch suffered from a disorder which rendered horse-exercise dangerous; but he declared he must ride in the midst of his chiefs and subjects, or he could be no sovereign: thus he will probably die of the saddle, and be succeeded by his son, now eleven years old, and only afflicted with the "Scotch fiddle." His reign will be over a population thus described:—

"The inhabitants of this kingdom may be comprised in five different classes,—viz. the Moors or white Mahometans, the Half-Castes, the Jews, the Arabs, and the Negroes. The white Moors and the Half-Castes (their children from black slaves) are an indolent race, entirely abandoned to the sensual pleasures of the harem.

"The Moors are decidedly a very handsome and finely proportioned people. With height of figure they possess small-boned limbs, and remarkably delicately shaped hands and feet. As a proof of the former, I have examined

numbers of their sword hands, which weapons being made in a particular manner to fit the hands, are very much too small for the admission of an English fist; yet, like the blood-horse, fineness of make does not stamp them as devoid of strength.

"The Half-Castes, or the offspring of the black concubines, are a hardier race of men than the white Moors, and much more numerous. Their colour is a clear bronze, and to this they often conjoin the bold prominent outline of the eastern features of their fathers."

"The Jews, I should imagine, form at least the third part of the population of the towns in this country. The successive sultans who have ruled over these dominions, have found it their interest to protect the lives and property of Israel's fated race, and to encourage their desire for trade, by which policy they are enabled by more means than fair taxation to raise large sums of money upon an emergency: but with the cunning of a rat-catcher (who never destroys his own trade), they take care not to disable their victims by these repeated loans, as they are called. A very little, however, suffices to set a Jew up again in business, so persevering is his pursuit of that wealth which he knows but conduces in the end to purchase him the bastinado. In all the towns of the kingdom, except Tangiers, the Jews are allotted a separate quarter from the Moors, at the gate of which a caid is placed, with authority to prevent the entrance of their Moorish brethren, and at night the gate is closed, and the keys taken to the house of the governor."

"It is impossible to find a finer race of men, or a more angelic one of females, than are these people. The Jewish male children are in their infancy exquisitely beautiful; and it astonishes a stranger not a little, when surrounded by what might pass for angels and cherubim, he looks in vain for a handsome face amongst the grown-up males. This I attribute to the constant debasement of their minds, in which the thoughts of servility, avarice, deceit, and the meanest subtlety, are daily gaining the ascendancy over the more radiant virtues of nature, visible in the jocund, open countenance of extreme youth. The Jewish boy has hardly turned his seventh year, when he is taken in hand by the elder brethren, and taught 'to make the worse appear the better bargain.'"

These extracts afford a fair specimen of the best parts of the work before us; and we have only to add, that the mission returned by Mogadore, where the author alleges very undisguisedly that our vice-consul did not conduct himself with commendable liberality towards his countrymen. There are some illustrations in lithography. The style, we need not say, is worse than careless.

Parriana, or Notices of the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D.: collected from various Sources, printed and manuscript, and in part written by E. H. Barker, Esq. of Thetford, Norfolk. 8vo. pp. 663. Vol. I. London, 1828. Colburn.

The memory of Dr. Parr seems to be so fondly cherished by several of his friends, that every point connected with it, however trivial and indifferent, assumes a vast importance in their eyes, and is thought deserving of an everlasting record. How far the public will be of the same opinion appears to us to be extremely doubtful; at all events, the volumes published and announced in relation to the learned Doctor's life and writings will try the question—

and also try the patience of a great majority of readers. For ourselves, not having an infinity of time to waste, we confess that we consider much of the *Parriana* to be a burlesque upon minute biography; and the whole an example of that sort of mountain birth, from the throes of which mice are the product. The Preface to Mr. Barker's contribution in this line dwells on "the grandeur and importance of the subject," as if all the men of the earth had walked under the legs of Dr. Parr, while he bestrid the narrow world like a Colossus of unparalleled learning and genius: in short, the apotheosis of this able, but by no means so very extraordinary, human being is carried to a pitch of gross and ludicrous absurdity. Yet, after all, the volume before us is a very ill-arranged and bungling affair; and no wonder, for we are told, that in "the selection of the topics" for it (can such be called a selection?), the author has been guided chiefly by the facility with which they could be put into the hands of the printer. We should make a pretty *Literary Gazette* were we to follow such a rule! Without having room for an *omnium-gatherum*, like Mr. Barker, we should fashion a sheet of ill-digested slip-slop, and weary our readers with long passages that led to nothing, tiresome controversies about matters utterly dead to interest, and repetitions of the most formal, pedantic, and insignificant character. This is called obtaining "the fullest information," and, we may add, bestowing all a compiler's tediousness upon your worship. That nothing, absolutely and literally nothing, about Dr. Parr, his habits, his gossip, his wig, his looks, his least actions, might perish, Mr. Barker has sedulously ransacked his own brain, and, to use the expression of a correspondent, pumped those who could yield ever so little. Every body has been adjured to pitch his stone upon the cairn; and what with paving-blocks, and pebbles, and rubbish, a good big shapeless tumulus it promises to be.

To pick this motley pyramid to pieces, and exhibit the stuff of which it is (up to the present period) composed, would be to make a very dull paper; and we shall, therefore, limit ourselves to a few of the smallest specimens we can separate from the mass. The following intelligence, from the Doctor's school hours at Norwich, is possessed of intense interest, and its strong points are put in italics accordingly.

"As the best boys were generally in requisition at lesson, of course they came under more frequent rebuke of the rod; but for the most part we all had our share: when a question was not answered in the first instance, it was put to every boy with 'you,' 'you,' 'you,' &c. and the result too often was, '*I'll flog you all!*' this was immediately done; and it was my business, as the last in the form, to assist in the operation; and then I came to the slaughter last, like Ulysses; but ere this the hand of the executioner was wearied, or his displeasure abated, and it became more a brushing than a flogging. I should not call the Doctor's flogging generally severe; it was characterised more by frequency than by any thing else, as we had never any guarantee for our skin but in the Doctor's good humour. He would often say, '*I never flog you in a passion.*' His fame for severity spread a sort of panic through the city, especially among the mothers, who would sometimes interpose a remonstrance, which occasioned a ludicrous scene,

* We have already had Field's and several volumes published: Mr. Barker's work is only begun; and Dr. J. Johnston's Life, &c. in eight volumes, is about to appear.

but seldom availed the culprit; while the wiser were willing to leave their boys unconditionally in his hands, especially when they understood that he was so good-natured as to allow us to fill his wig with twisted papers, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine.' However, I have occasionally seen a terrible execution, but it was for some gross moral delinquency, when the Doctor assumed a most serious air. I recollect one of the bigger boys for his own purpose had copied the Doctor's handwriting: when the discovery was made, the Doctor brought the paper into the school, and summoning the offender, soon brought him to tears; he pointed to the writing, saying, '*These scratches are more like galleys than my hand, and the galleys are like to be,*' &c. &c.; he was held out and flogged in the most severe manner, while some keen reproof accompanied every blow. I believe the Doctor retained his principles on this subject, and, if report says true, his practice also, after he ceased to keep a public school: I have heard hints of a slaughter-house at Hatton; and some years ago, when I asked him whether he did not feel some compunction for having given us so much torture, he replied, in a loud and good-natured tone, '*You rogue, it would be worse for you if I had you now.*'"

From the witness who penned this glowing picture, *a posteriori*, we have testimony very little favourable to Dr. Parr, either as a churchman or a teacher.

"He would often (says his quondam pupil) speak of orthodoxy with a sneer; but this might arise from a consciousness of his vast superiority above others, rather than from any disbelief of its great truths." [A poor and insufficient apology.]

Again: "It is certain that the Doctor's attention was particularly directed towards those boys whom he saw willing to learn: the dunces might be dunces for him. I have known boys who had not even the book we were reading, but one about the same size."

We believe this is by far too common a practice with schoolmasters, and one that cannot be sufficiently reprobated. Instead of doing their duty, and taking pains to bring the heavy or heedless boy forward, they expend all their cares upon the quick and clever lad, whose talents will enable them to make a brilliant parade upon examination-day; than which, if truly looked at, nothing can be less to their honour, either as instructors, or as honest men conscientiously devoted to fulfil the trust reposed in them. If dunces are to be left dunces still, it would be but just to return them, with their useless books, to the hands of those who sent them: if they cannot be taught, it is a mockery to keep them at school; and if they can be taught (as every one can), it is the sacred business of the master to do his utmost to open the paths of knowledge to their minds. Many a seeming blockhead has turned out a far abler person than the smart favourite of the partial pedagogue. Of the sad trifling, examples of inordinate vanity, and recollections of what it would have been much better to have left in oblivion, which this work displays almost from beginning to end, we shall take no farther notice. There may be private friends and acquaintances of the parties to whom such silly tittle-tattle may be agreeable; but for ourselves and the general reader, we must protest, in the name of common sense, against all such misuses of precious time.

A Spinster's Tour in France, the States of Genoa, &c. during the Year 1827. 12mo. pp. 427. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

ABOUT the same time that Captain Beauclerk, of the Royal Welsh, was travelling in Morocco, the fair authoress of this volume, designating herself a spinster, was perambulating France and Italy; and all that we have to observe upon so remarkable a coincidence, is that, considering the bold captain's gallantry and most amative ebullitions, it seems to have been a lucky and providential thing for any spinster, that their routes not only did not coincide, but absolutely that they did not cross or intersect at any given point. In consequence of their being apart, each has simply produced a volume. Our motto not being in every instance *cedant arma togæ*, but rather "first come, first served," we have already traversed the land of the Moors with the gay captain: we shall now take a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with (we suppose) the captivating spinster,—for to us both are personally utterly unknown, and we can bestow upon them the customary courteous appellatives of the gallant, the brave, the lovely, the accomplished, with at least as much propriety as many members of parliament are styled honourable, many members of the bar are styled learned, many members of the medical profession are styled skilful, many members of the church are styled reverend, and many critics are styled acute.

Induced by "too partial friends" to publish, our fair spinster, therefore, has laid before us an agreeable little volume, which does credit to feminine taste and talent. As an itinerary it has not indeed much of novelty to boast of, for the most curiosities of the sex in travelling cannot see so much as men do; and what they do see of a different kind, we suspect they cannot very well print in the free and easy manner of our friend the captain, who no where suffers aught of "concealment, like a worm in the bud," to prey upon and mar his observations. But in some other respects this volume possesses considerable interest; as we trust we shall render manifest by a few remarks and a few quotations. From Southampton the writer sailed to Havre, and in so good a humour, that even sea-sickness takes with her *le couleur de rose*; and after landing at Havre, it is not to be wondered at that she always inclines to the fair side, and is pleased with country, people, landscapes, sights, society, and all the et-cetera presented to the tourist. From Havre to Rouen the way is delectable, and the ruined abbeys and castles on the sweet banks of the Seine replete with interest. From Rouen we go by Bernay and Beaumont to Le Mans, where a stay of some duration enables us to collect a miscellany of various and entertaining matter.

—*Es. gr.*

"During your residence at Le Mans you will doubtless wish to visit every object of interest in the neighbourhood; and as the traveller in Britain is always arrested by a *caveau* or *cromlech*, he will not be less curious to mark those imperishable records of Druidism in Gaul. There are several remarkable altars in this department, one of which is near the road from Connerre to Dallou. The table is of one piece of freestone, supported by three others, that form a cavity or grotto, making the erection similar to that in the grounds of Plas Newydd, though it does not produce the same picturesque effect, from the want of the sacred oaks. At a little distance from the high road to La Flèche, there is another altar, whose dimensions are less; but the table is supported by one immense

block of silicious stone, nearly round; near to which is a small table, apparently intended for receiving oblations. The quarries whence these stones may have been taken are at a considerable distance from the spot. Pillars of a pyramidal form, called Druidical, are scattered over these countries. An extensive common, between Oisé and St. Jean-de-la-Motte, has several of these erections, which being known to have generally marked great events, and to have served as funeral trophies, may shew the field of conflicting action, and the deposits of slaughtered heroes. Such deposits have been found in various parts of France. At Quimper, near Castres, in 1710, eleven human heads were dug out in excavating near one of those similar pyramids. A like discovery was made at Begar, in Lower Brittany; and not far from the little town of St. Suzanne, where a tract of land is much scattered with Druidical monuments, a great quantity of calcined human bones was found by labourers who were digging holes for a plantation of trees. Besides these evidences of the Druids, the veneration for the oak, which has never been obliterated in these provinces, proves the hold which an awful superstition takes on the mind. At this day respect is paid to the sacred tree, though the saint who now chooses it to hallow his shrine apparently receives all the honour of worship. Several hamlets still have their 'Chapel of the Oak,' in which the entire stump of the tree is enshrouded near the altar; and that of 'Our Lady of the Oak,' near Orthes, was celebrated in this century, when her votaries flocked to her shrine from all the adjoining hamlets. The faith in the virtues of springs and fountains is another proof of the fondness with which revered prejudices are perpetuated. The village of Izé (Mayenne) attracted, till within a few years, the anxious mother who went 'en voyage' with her child, many a wearying distance, to plunge it in a fountain that gave celebrity to a spot otherwise unmarked. The canonised of the Romish church often lend their names to these ancient saving waters; and the revered St. Martin now perpetuates the inveterate habits of ancient Gallic superstition, at his fountain between Le Mans and La Flèche."

"It would be endless to enumerate the natives of these departments who have distinguished themselves in literature, arts, sciences, through every age. The missionary, the traveller, the grammarian, the artist, poet, and philosopher, merchant and mechanic, may all claim this kindly province their country."

Some of the most distinguished of these the author passes in review:

"A poet, whose genius will ever do honour to his country, though his verse has all the faults and pedantry of that early age, Ronsard, was a native of this province. He was born in 1524 in the Château de la Poissonnière près Montoire, of very respectable parents, who encouraged and improved his natural talents for poetry, which enabled him, when quite a youth, to gain the first prize in the floral games at Toulouse. The effect of his verses was so powerful on that city, that they decreed him a statue of Minerva wrought in solid silver; and the present was accompanied with an address, wherein he was styled, 'the prince of poets.' Mary Stuart, then one of the brightest ornaments of the French court, and as eminent for her literary acquisitions as for her personal graces, paid a valuable tribute to Ronsard, by presenting him a sideboard of plate, worth two thousand crowns. Amongst the ornamental pieces in this 'buffet' was a representation of

Mount Parnassus, over which Pegasus was fluttering, and exhibiting this motto—

'A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la source des Muses.'

Yet the charms and the flatteries of a court failed to attract the poet; and not all the honours and liberality of Henry II. and his sons, successively kings of France, had power to divert his predilection for the church. He entered holy orders, and immediately devoted himself to his duties at Evallé, in the diocese of Le Mans. When the religious feuds broke out into open war, Ronsard placed himself at the head of the nobility and the people of his district, and by his influence and courage saved his church and his parish from pillage. Charges were afterwards brought against him, and he was accused of bringing obloquy on the sacred character by his violent measures and conduct. He defended himself by saying, that 'after having failed in all his attempts to preserve peace with the keys of St. Peter, which the Calvinists professed not to respect, he had deemed it allowable in a minister to protect his flock with the sword of St. Paul.' He died prior of Croix-Val, near Tours, in 1585. Boileau, the exact and rigid Boileau, judged this 'prince of poets' too severely, as he made no allowance for times and circumstances; but whether lofty or familiar, Ronsard stands equally condemned. The polished author of *Le Lutrin* had a quick ear for the harmony of his language; this sometimes made him too susceptible to sound, since he asserts, that

'Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin
Est toujours quelqu'un qui fait un mauvais écrivain.'

Henri IV. is said to have been as fond of Ronsard's verses as Charles the Second was of Butler's.

"A remarkable person, Morin, must not be passed unnoticed, since his memory will be dear to his countrymen while genius and charity are valued. He was born at Le Mans in 1635, and carefully educated by his father, who held a respectable situation in that town. The bent of all his researches inclining him to the study of physic, he took his degree in that school, and was appointed physician to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. In the absence of M. Tournefort, he lectured and demonstrated at 'Le Jardin des Plantes.' Indefatigable in every branch of his profession, many were the discoveries he made or followed up; and his studies were only interrupted by his charities and the duties of his various appointments. His habits were singular, and he never changed the regimen of bread and water, with fruit occasionally, that he had adopted in his early youth, till after he was sixty years of age. He then would sometimes indulge himself with taking a little boiled rice, and, when past seventy, a glass of wine. He collected a valuable library, a series of medals, and formed a copious herbarium; which made Fontenelle remark, 'que son esprit lui avoit, sans comparaison, plus coûté à nourrir que son corps.' He was avaricious only of his time; and he used to say, 'ceux qui viennent me voir, me font honneur; ceux qui ne viennent pas, me font plaisir.'

"It is impossible to observe the encouragement that our Angevine princes gave to letters, without noticing a class of writers which for some ages almost engrossed the attention of the ladies, and thus often influenced the deeds of prince as well as vassals. The troubadours or troubadours of 'la langue d'oïe' early competed with their seniors and masters of 'la langue d'oc,' and the spirit of song which had been first roused in the southern provinces acquired force as it proceeded north-

ward. No royal house more generously rewarded the talent of the poet or the skill of the jongleur than that of Plantagenet, whose princes sometimes bore away the crown from the favourite minstrel.

"To inculcate or to defend the *trouvours* and their patrons, would be an achievement far surpassing the limited powers and means now employed in noticing them; and those only will be briefly alluded to whose compositions excite especial interest in ourselves, as relating to, or illustrating, our own royal house. Bernard was born of menial parents, who served in the castle of Ventadour, in Limousin. He soon attracted the attention of his lord by a pleasing countenance and sprightly sallies. His education was therefore carefully pursued; and on his final examination he was pronounced 'Courtois et bien appris, et qui sçavoit composer et chanter.' The chronicler Vigois surnames Bernard's patron, Ebles de Ventadour, 'Le Chanteur.' He delighted in sprightly songs even in his old age; and his compositions acquired him the regard of William Duke of Aquitaine and Poitou. A singular circumstance which this chronicler relates, gives a specimen of the manners of that age too curious to be passed unnoticed. One day, Ebles Vicomte de Ventadour arrived unexpectedly at the palace of Poitiers whilst the duke was at table, who immediately ordered the visitor to be admitted, and dinner served anew for the guest. Great was the stir throughout the castle, long and tedious the time that idly passed away in the hall; at length Ebles, whose patience was exhausted, exclaimed, 'Sorely, my lord, a nobleman of your degree should not send to his poultry yard when a poor, viscount like myself takes him by surprise at his dinner-hour.' The duke suffered these testy words to pass unnoticed; but a few days after the viscount had returned to his castle, William went there at dinner-time, uninvited, and attended by an hundred knights. Ebles immediately rose from table, gave his royal guest a cordial reception, and in an unconcerned manner ordered his attendants to bring water for the hands. In an instant after, the table was covered as if for a prince's wedding banquet. Fortunately, it chanced to be fair-day at Ventadour, and the serfs of the vicomte poured in to the castle all their store of game, poultry, and other eatables. Not content with this mark of duty, a peasant, of his own accord, came in the evening into the court with a waggon drawn by oxen, crying out, 'Let the people of the Comte Duc de Poitou come and see wax given away by the Vicomte de Ventadour.' He immediately staved a large cask that was in the waggon, and out fell a prodigious quantity of cakes of fine white wax, which he left in the court for whoever chose to pick them up, and drove away with his waggon. The vicomte was not unmindful of this well-timed liberality; he gave his serf the property of Malmont, on which he had hitherto laboured as a dependent; and the children of the peasant were afterwards adorned with the scarf of knight-hood.

"A Gascon troubadour, Giraud de Calençon, has celebrated the talents and virtues of Don Ferdinand of Castile, the husband of Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. of England, who, after having distinguished himself against the Moors, was prematurely cut off by a sudden death.—'Lament,' says he, 'for Eleanor bereft of Ferdinand, in whom she found repaired the loss of three brothers. In form and feature he resembled them, while in every

good quality he assimilated to his own royal father. From the river Jordan to the setting of the sun there never was a young prince so feelingly regretted. He is mourned by French and English, by Germans and the emperor, by Spain and Arragon, for there is not a Christian potentate but was his relation or ally. Had he lived another year, Ferdinand would have served God against the Arabs.' This troubadour's advice to the youthful minstrel is sufficiently curious to deserve transcribing:—'To be a good troubadour, thou must invent (*trouver*) well, and rhyme well, talk well, and propose a trial of skill well. Thou must learn how love runs and flies; how he repels justice with the darts himself has sharpened, and with his two arrows; the one of fine gold, which dazzles those who fix it, the other of steel, which pierces so deeply, that it is impossible to heal its wounds,' &c. 'When thou art master of all these subjects,' continues the master to his pupil, 'fail not to present thyself to the young King of Arragon, for there is no judge that appreciates good exercises better than him. If you really are skilful, and have talent to distinguish yourself, you will not have to complain of his generosity; if you cannot raise yourself above mediocrity, you would deserve a bad reciprocation from the best prince in the world. Thou, jongleur, must prepare nine instruments of ten strings; thou must play on the cithara and mandoline, the guitar and manicoorde, the wheel of seventeen strings, and the harp. Let the jig enliven the tones of the psalterion. Thou must be expert in throwing up little balls, and catching them on the point of a knife, and thou must be perfect in imitating the notes of different birds,' &c."

Having made this selection from light lore, we shall conclude our illustrations of a spinster's production, by a travelling extract or two.

In the route to Genoa: "Through a country rich, but not picturesque, we proceeded, in heat and smothering dust, along a broad, bare, shining road, to Alessandria. The approach to this city refreshes every sense after a wearying journey; and, upon observation, it pleases more than any other town in this part of the country. The streets, especially that of Marengo, are spacious, airy, well built; its principal square is very handsome, and planted all around with double rows of acacia, under the spreading shade of which the people lounge on benches, and the fruit and vegetable women range their stalls and baskets. The churches are handsome, though not richly adorned as at Turin. The bridge over the Tanaro is covered, and has the effect of a fine corridor. At the surrender of the city to Buonaparte, the conqueror made it a condition, that the walls should be destroyed, and the masses of ruin they present shew that they must have been capable of making a stout defence. The views hence are varied over a cheerful champaign country, which appears well improved and cultivated. The air seems particularly soft, yet exhilarating; and every advantage combines to make this an agreeable station for the invalid or the economist."

About two miles from La Flèche stands a ruinous castle, which was once one of Henri IV.'s favourite hunting lodges. "There cannot be a more pleasing scene of inland beauty than that commanded by this eminent tower. All the various produce of the province blends in rich profusion throughout the plain; while the hills that bound it are feathered with wood; amongst which many a hamlet, with its spire, château, and neat villas, may be descried. In

the foreground, La Flèche, its handsome church, though bereft of its steeple, and the buildings and dome of the college, shew to advantage.—But a few years since, and this ruinous castle might have been solidly repaired; now every key-stone is loosening, and the whole will soon be an undistinguishable heap of rubbish. The staircase is broad, and particularly easy of ascent, though spiral. Several moderate-sized apartments and turret-chambers must have enabled Henry to bring here a sufficient suite for all the pleasures of the field and good fellowship. The entrance-court is now the farm-yard of the agent, who manages the lands for the hospital to which they were granted; and the farmer's family live in the spacious ancient hall."

Advice to travellers.—"Never subject yourself, if possible, to the agonizing fatigue of travelling by moonlight during the summer. The hottest day is freshened at times by a breeze;—the occasional shade of copses, or even the sight of woods and trees, relieves the eye: but moonlight has no relief,—all nature, except that glaring pale planet, rests—slumbers. Not a breath moves to stir the air, which is perceptibly heavier than by day. The dust is now suffocating, nauseating: the constant thoroughfare on a great road leaves deposits which heavy carriages pulverise and disturb. The excessive brightness strains and distresses the vision; for, unlike the sunbeams, which penetrate and lose themselves in deep shades, this borrowed light perpetually silvers every surface, and dizzies the eye, which the jolts and the swings on a half-paved road keep distended. I can well believe the painful effect of this planet on persons exposed to her full force, which travellers in the East have reported. Well did the fanciful mythologist arm Diana with her bow; and much more appalling must have been the heavy, stupefying effect of her silver shaft to those vivid-minded nations, than the feverish stroke from the golden arrow of the god of day."

Geste Navale Britanniche, dal Grande Alfredo sino alla Battaglia di Navarino. Poema di S. E. Petronj. 2^a Ediz. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Treuttel, Würtz, and Co.; Du-lau and Co.

AMONGST the authors of the present day, in the circle of Italian literati, who have risen to a respectable rank, is Mr. Petronj; editions of whose works, and especially his Italian Pronouncing Dictionary, we have seen in most of the European capitals where the Italian language is at all encouraged. His present poem, we have no hesitation in saying, is his best: the subject—the glory acquired by the British navy from the earliest period down to the present time. Whatever objections may be started with regard to the plan of the work among foreigners (and we feel there are some of them very strong), still, to an Englishman, it must be highly gratifying to find that a stranger, who, although not compelled like many of his countrymen to seek an asylum in England, where, we understand, he has become naturalised, has yet been the first who has attempted to do justice to that spirit of naval warfare which has placed us in the very first rank of the nations of Europe.

In a poem like the present, it would be in vain to look for any thing like unity of subject; it is not one brilliant achievement, but many—not the fame of one hero, but of all who have added to the renown of England by their naval exploits,—that the poet has undertaken to sing. We must not, therefore, expect to find an in-

interesting story, as the subject does not admit of it; but in lieu of this, we discover very much that renders the composition interesting—beautiful metaphors, sublimity of description, and harmony of versification.

In the preface, Mr. Petronj has given a rapid but luminous sketch of the history of England, to which he has appended some remarks on the *versi sciolti*, or blank verse, of the Italians. As it is not our intention to enter into the merits of the latter, we shall proceed to make a few extracts, taken almost at random from the poem, to enable our readers to form some idea of its execution.

The following introduction to Canto XIII. we think very poetical: the latter part alludes to the deaths of Admirals Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, &c. which, by a singular fatality, happened about the same time, in the reign of Elizabeth.

"Disse Calliope amica: e, pol che tacque,
Il cheto sonno, obbligo dolce de' mali,
E soave quiete de la notte,
Immagio placidissima di morte,
Il cheto sonno su lo stanco ciglio
Venne a versarmi affini con man pietosa,
L'onda Letèe. Grazie a gli Dei cortesi
Che tal fer dono a i miseri mortali!
La bionda sposa di Titone intanto
Fuori dal balzo d'oriente emerge
Il roseo crine e 'l rugiadoso carro,
E co' i vermigli lumi a i monti indora
L'ipside vette. Al di novello lo schiudo
Te tranquille palpore, e al bel lavoro
Torno, invocando te, Calliope, sempre,
Benigna ecco la Dea: ma negro ha il manto,
Le scendon sparse per l'eburnes gola
Le folte chiome, e lacrimoso ha il volto.
Infanto augurio! lo grido. Ed essa: 'scrivi!
E del mio duol saprai l'alta cagione."

As we cannot, however, find room for many extracts from a work which we are sure will be in the hands of every Italian scholar, we shall merely refer the reader to a few passages which we think Mr. Petronj has rendered very poetical. The unfortunate expedition of Cumberland in Canto XIV., as likewise the beautiful allusion to Napoleon in Canto XXI. In the twenty-fourth, the happy variety in the description of the battle with the Dutch, and particularly the death of Spraggus. The horrible tempest in the thirtieth, the shipwreck of Admiral Wheeler, the death of Mary, the attack upon, and capture of, Gibraltar, and the interesting passage on the liberty of Italy,—are all described with great energy and poetical force.

We must, however, slight many more beautiful passages, and come at once to the battle of Trafalgar, which the late lamented Foscolo pronounced to be the most animated and poetical description of a naval engagement to be found in any poet, and one which placed the author in the first rank of modern Italian bards. The whole is too long for our pages, but one or two extracts we must give.

"Tratto è 'l segnal da i Duoi:
Principio ha 'l foco, e ogni naviglio sembra
L'atro Vesuvio, o 'l Mongibello irato,
Allor che il cielo agombrano e la terra
Di spavento e d'orrore. Fra il denso fummo,
Che s'erge e a globi spandesi d'intorno,
Scorrono i lampi ed i tremendi scoppi
Che si rianovan mille volte e mille,
Tal che ne gemon le distanti sponde,
Brancosce adentro ne l'acclutto suolo
Di più ritrarsi per soverchia tema.
Fischian per l'aura i ferri dardi igniti,
Apportatori di scompiglio e morte,
E già di sangue, d'uman sangue i flutti
Cerulei tinge l'Oceano doglioso."

Urta l'Eroe tremendo, apresi il calle
Tra i fier nemici, che pur stan qual rupe
Saldi al funesto tempesta di lui.
Sguaino i suoi, vomento orrido foco,
E vie più degni di sì gran Guerriero
Fansi compagni. Il cangia ancor: Più rapido
D'electricità favilla intorno aggravi
Ad essi, e tosto in ambo i lati separa
La squadra osti. Le navi ancor si micchiano,
Più certi i colpi son, maggior l'ocello;

Apronsi i ligati fianchi; antenne ed alberi
E sarte ed armi con iroscoio cadono,
E tutto velli galleggiar sul torbido
Dono fremente del commosso Pelago."

Upon the whole, if the author seldom ascends to the very highest rank as a poet, he never descends beneath his subject; and those parts of the *Geste Navali* which describe the boldest actions, or the fearless intrepidity required to carry them into execution, will be found to be the most highly wrought. Throughout a long poem like the present, where so many naval engagements must exercise the talents of the writer, it is remarkable to observe the distinctness and individuality of his sketches, and his avoidance of general features;—two qualities which distinguish the man of genius from the mere versifier.

In the last canto, after paying a very elegant compliment to his present Majesty, Mr. Petronj mentions in terms of just praise those contemporary authors who have distinguished themselves in the annals of literature, and thus concludes a work which we are sure will be in the hands of every admirer of the distinguished productions of the Italian muse.

Subterraneous Travels of Niels Klim. From the Latin of Lewis Holberg. 12mo. pp. 420. London, 1828. T. North.

IN Nos. 507 and 509 of the *Literary Gazette* (October 7th and 21st, 1826), we published two papers of *Subterraneous Travels*, translated from a Russian author, who had evidently presumed not a little on the ignorance or forgetfulness of the public with regard to Scandinavian literature; for his accounts of the Ignorantians and the Skotinyans (or inhabitants of Beast-land) there given, are mercilessly plundered from Niels Klim, of whose adventures this translation into the English tongue has just appeared. The title-page says, "from the *Latin* of Lewis Holberg;"—our information would lead us to speak of the *Danish* of Baron Holberg, who was a native of Bergen, and died at Copenhagen in 1754.

The translation before us is very poorly executed; and is indeed so indifferently done, as to lose much of the wit and satirical humour of the original. We wonder at the great popularity of the writer in the north of Europe, while we contemplate him through so uncertain a medium; and we are of opinion, that a spirited version of this work, with (we should recommend) illustrations by George Cruikshanks, would be rewarded with high and general favour. In the meantime we shall render a notice of Niels from the fountain head, rather than from the volume in hand.

After taking his degrees in theology and philosophy at Copenhagen, Niels Klim returns to his native town North Bergen, in Norway, whence, for want of better employment, and in hopes of making some discovery which may contribute to the improvement of his finances, he wanders about the country in quest of plants and minerals. Among other natural curiosities in the vicinity of Bergen, he visits a cavern at the top of a lofty mountain, called Floien, of which he says:—

"From the mouth of this cavern there ascends at intervals a column of air, which is very mild, and not unpleasant to the feelings of the visitor, and inspires him with the idea that the atmospheric air is alternately attracted and repelled through the opening."

Klim resolves on investigating the pit, and ascends the mountain, accompanied by four labourers, furnished with ropes, boat-hooks, &c., to assist him in the descent: on reaching

the brink of the abyss, he binds the rope round his body, and taking a boat-hook in his hand, desires the attendants to lower him until they hear him call.

"I had not (he says) descended more than twenty or thirty feet when the rope broke, of which I was immediately aware by the screams of my companions (which, however, soon became inaudible), and by the astonishing rapidity of my descent. I was involved in utter darkness and horrible night for about a quarter of an hour (as nearly as my giddiness and alarm allowed me to judge), when I suddenly discerned a distant gleam of light, which continued to increase until I found myself encompassed by a clear ethereal atmosphere. At first, I foolishly conjectured that either the re-action of the air from above, or some current of wind from below, had carried me upwards again, and that I was ejected from the cavern to the surface of the earth; but as the sun and stars which I beheld were apparently much smaller than those which the inhabitants of our planet are accustomed to see, I could not recognise them. I then concluded that this apparent phenomenon was merely the effect of my giddiness and disturbed imagination, or that I was dead, and my soul on its flight to more blessed regions. The latter ridiculous idea was quickly dissipated, when I observed that I still had my boat-hook in my hand, and the broken rope dangling from my waist; for I could not conceive that such implements were necessary to land on the shores of paradise, or that the inhabitants could admire such ornaments, by which they might rather imagine that I was coming, like the giants of old, to besiege the heavens and expel the gods. After further reflection, and many vain conjectures, I was at last convinced that I had arrived in the subterranean world, and that the theory of those philosophers was confirmed, who maintain, that within the crust of the earth is another lesser world, with a smaller sun, stars, and planets. The result proved that my last conjectures were correct; for after continuing my descent for some time longer, I perceived that the rapidity of my flight gradually decreased, in proportion as I approached the planet, which I perceived directly below me, on first emerging from the darkness. This planet appeared gradually larger as I approached it; and I was at last enabled to discern (through a somewhat denser atmosphere which encompassed it) both seas, mountains, and valleys, on its surface. I next perceived that I was not only suspended in the air, but that the perpendicular direction in which I was before propelled was changed to a rotatory motion. I cannot deny, that my hair stood erect on making this discovery, at the idea of being metamorphosed into a planet, or rather a satellite, and condemned to eternity to this revolving systematic motion. However, on reflecting that my honour was unscathed, and that a heavenly orb, or even a heavenly orb's satellite, must at least be considered of equal rank with a penniless *studiosus philosophia*, my courage revived; especially when I found that, invigorated by the ethereal air, I perceived neither hunger nor thirst. Meanwhile, as I had a biscuit in my pocket, I took it out, merely to try if I could eat it; but the first mouthful convinced me that I had lost all relish for earthly food, and I threw the biscuit away as a useless burden. Judge how great was my astonishment, when I observed, that the biscuit was not only suspended in the air, but commenced to describe a circle around me. I hereby obtained a clear idea of the true laws

of gravitation, according to which, all bodies suspended in their own weight of atmosphere must move in a continual circle. So dejected as I was at first, on finding myself transformed to a satellite to a tyrannical planet, my pride was now great on perceiving myself elevated to the latter rank, to be attended for ever by my moon, and consequently to be ranked among the larger stars, or planets of the first class. In fact, my vanity and weakness were so great, that had all the burgomasters and senators of Bergen presented themselves at that moment at my feet, I should have looked down upon them as contemptible beings, much less would I have bowed my neck, or lowered my boat-hook to salute them. I was in this situation for three days; for as I revolved round the planet nearest to me, I could easily distinguish night from day, by seeing the subterranean sun rise and set, although I perceived no darkness when it disappeared; for, after sun-set, the whole heaven was as clear and light as at the full of the moon,—which I suppose proceeds from the subterranean world or hemisphere receiving its light from the sun in the centre. But lo! on the fourth day of my glory, as I was dreaming of my heavenly bliss, and fancying to myself the curiosity that my appearance would excite among the astronomers and stargazers in the nearest planet, I beheld an enormous winged monster approach, which threatened to come into destructive contact with me. At first I conceived that it must be one of the zodiacal signs, and secretly wished that it might be the Virgin, as that was the only one of the whole system from whose society I could anticipate any pleasure: but as it approached nearer, I found that it was no less formidable a personage than a monstrous and frightful griffin: whereupon I was so terrified, that I completely forgot my celestial dignity."

After describing his conjectures, he proceeds:—"The griffin was now so near to me, that it struck me with its immense wings, and was about to seize one of my legs, so that I was no longer in doubt as to the object of its visit. I therefore began to defend myself as boldly as I could against my enemy, and contrived with my boat-hook not only to ward off its attacks, but compelled it to retire several times, and at last succeeded in striking the boat-hook so forcibly into its flesh between the wings, that I could not withdraw it. The wounded monster dashed with a tremendous cry towards the planet below, and I, being somewhat weary of my celestial dignities, which I found did not exempt me from the same or worse danger than terrestrial honours, held fast by the boat-hook, and descended with the griffin to the planet, like a shooting star. After being dragged through the misty atmosphere that encircled the planet, which occasioned a deafening noise, I fell gently on the earth, accompanied by the griffin, which soon after died of his wounds."

Exhausted with his exertions, the Danish subterranean traveller falls into a deep sleep, from which he is awoke by the roaring of a bull, which is running towards him. To avoid the animal, he retreats towards an adjacent wood, and endeavours to ascend a tree, but, to his astonishment, the tree utters a shriek, and he is immediately seized by the boughs of numerous other trees, who, it afterwards appears, are the inhabitants of the planet, and he is led off to take his trial for an assault on the lady of the burgomaster of Potu,—for such was the distinguished personage whom he had so rudely, yet unintentionally, insulted.

From the court he is handed, over to the surgeons and natural historians, to investigate his species, and whether he is a rational creature, or, as the inhabitants of Potu conceived him to be, some description of ape. His offence is pardoned, and he is instructed in the language and customs of the country; and from the swiftness of his feet (for the arboreal nation have very short legs, and consequently are very slow in their gait), he obtains the appointment of royal courier, the only occupation for which he is deemed competent; for his perception is considered by the inhabitants so quick, that it is impossible for his judgment to be sound. Odious and laborious as he finds this office, it gives him an opportunity of visiting different parts of the planet, which are described in a very amusing satirical strain. He is ultimately banished from it, for having sent in a proposal to the king, that females should be excluded from holding public offices (which is customary at Potu). At a period of the year when a certain description of immense birds visit the planet, a bait is attached to his person, and he is exposed in a field, whence he is carried, together with the bait, to a part of the firmament called Martinia, a republic of apes, by whom he is much admired, and becomes ennobled: he is, however, afterwards found guilty (although really innocent) of an amour with the president's lady, and is sent on board a galley, with other convicts, bound to Menzadores, a trans-marine colony of the Martinians. In the course of the voyage, he visits Pycardania, a land of birds; Musica, a land of musical instruments; Pyglosia, a land of beings resembling terrestrials, with the exception that they have no mouths, and "speak with that part of the body which faces the south, when the nose is turned to the north;" and Iceland, inhabited by a race of icebergs.

He at last reaches Menzadores, which is peopled mostly by beasts, interspersed, however, with emigrants from the before-mentioned countries of Pycardania. On his return from Menzadores he is wrecked, and escapes in a boat to another part of the firmamental continent, called Quama, inhabited by beings in every respect resembling savages of the south of our world; where he becomes so great a favourite, and renders the state so many services, that, on the death of the reigning monarch, he is elected emperor. He carries on war against several of the neighbouring countries, and subjects them to the crown of Quama; but a conspiracy at last takes place, and Klim is obliged to fly to the mountains for safety. Having crept into a dark cavern for concealment, he is suddenly precipitated down an abyss, through which he continues to descend until he ultimately perceives an opening, and finds himself stretched on the ground at the mouth of the same pit through which he, ten years before, made his extraordinary entrance to the subterranean world.

CHAMBERS' PICTURE OF SCOTLAND. In a former No. we introduced these two entertaining volumes to our readers, and briefly illustrated their character, by making a few selections respecting the county of Berwick or the Merse. In our present sheet, we have nothing else to do than follow up the measure by some similar extracts from the adjoining shire of Roxburghshire.

Roxburghshire.—"When Queen Mary visited Bothwell in Hermitage Castle, she did not take the present course of the road by the Slitterick, but penetrated the mountainous

tract which lies between that and the Teviot. The perils and the difficulty of her journey must have been truly great; and it is inconceivable how she contrived both to go into Liddisdale, and come back from it again to Teviotdale, in the space of one day. She proceeded up Priesthaugh-swirre, between Pen-cryst-pen and Skelf-hill—then through a long boggy tract called Hawkhaugh—next, up along the course of a mountain-stream, to the ridge called the Maiden Paps, where the district of Liddisdale begins—after that she descended the Braidlee-swirre, till she again reached a low piece of boggy ground, where her horse swamped, and nearly caused her to lose her life: other hills, and these extremely precipitous, had now to be ascended and descended—the narrow track generally sloping along their sides, and crossing the little burns at the bottom, till she reached the course of the Hermitage Water, and, by following it, came at last to Hermitage Castle,—altogether one of the most hazardous, and one of the most impracticable-looking journeys that ever was achieved, and which must be acknowledged to look still more wonderful, when we consider that it was performed by a delicate female, and one who had recently risen from child-bed. Tradition says she was attended on her expedition by only twelve men—certainly a very insufficient guard for a queen in an enemy's country,—for so might this be considered. However strange it may appear, it is perfectly true, that the district of Liddisdale possessed no roads other than such as that described till within the last thirty years. When the editor of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* made what he now (in private conversation) calls his 'raids into Liddisdale,' in order to collect the materials of that work, he found the country almost inaccessible, and the people as *strange* to the appearance of a visitor as the Indians were at the advent of Columbus. On his visiting the house of Willie o' Milburn, in company with a friend from Jedburgh, the gudeman happened to come home just as he was engaged in tying up his horse in the stable. The farmer, like all the other people of Scotland, entertained a profound respect for the character of a lawyer; and this added considerably to the embarrassment which he felt regarding his visitor. In a little while, however, he came up to Sir Walter's friend, who had gone into the house, and asked if *yon was the advocate*. Being answered in the affirmative, he slapped his thigh with joy, and exclaimed, 'De'il a' me's feared for him—he's just a child like ourselves!' What idea the honest farmer had formed of the person of the future great unknown, must for ever remain a mystery. It was amongst the primitive people of Liddisdale that Sir Walter collected the greater part of the ballads which formed his first distinguished publication. He took occasion at a subsequent period to repay their attentions to him by commemorating in a narrative which can never perish, the simplicity, worth, and honour, which marked their character before it was reduced to the ordinary standard of modern manners." Are they quite so at this day?

"When in the possession of William Douglas, the knight of Liddisdale, Hermitage was the scene of a cruel transaction. That warrior, though distinguished by the proud title of 'the Flower of Chivalry,' shewed that his heart was not inaccessible to the baser passions. Envy of the office of Sir Alexander Ramsay, as sheriff of Teviotdale, urged him to the murder of that knight, who had been his compeer in arms. He

caused Sir Alexander, along with his horse's furniture, to be thrown into a dungeon beneath Hermitage Castle, and left him there to the most fearful of all deaths,—that by hunger. The wretched captive is said to have prolonged his existence by the corn which fell from a granary above his dungeon; and, in proof of this circumstance, a mason having, about thirty-five years ago, broken down a part of the wall, (for the sake of the stones,) and descended into the vault within, found a quantity of chaff, together with some bones, a sword, and the bit of a bridle,—the last article uncommonly large. So weak was the royal authority in those days, that King David found himself obliged to appoint the knight of Liddisdale to the office vacant by the death of his victim. He was, however, killed some years after, while hunting in Etrick forest, by his godson, and chieftain, William, Earl of Douglas, at the instigation, it is supposed, of the king, who could not otherwise despatch him. The place of his assassination is called, from his name, William's Cross, and lies upon the ridge of a hill, for the same reason denominated William's Hope, above Yair, between Tweed and Yarrow. Besides these fearful traditions of Hermitage Castle, other tales of horror are told respecting it. A Northumberland warrior, called the Count of Keeldar, on account of his enormous size and strength, came to defy Lord Soulis at this place of power, and suffered dearly for his injudicious bravery. He was obliged to retire by Soulis's retainers, who, however, could make no impression upon his coat of proof, till, having got him into a deep part of the brook, they despatched him by holding him down beneath the water with their spears. This place is exactly opposite to the deserted burial-ground (mentioned in a preceding notice) and is called 'the Count's Pile.' It is a hollow formed by a little cascade, and is overhung and darkened by an old weeping birch, which the superstitious, but not less poetical, peasant of Liddisdale remarks to be the only birch, among all those which line the stream, that turns its branches and its leaves downwards. 'The Count's Grave' is also shewn, near the western corner of the cemetery, in the shape of a mound considerably larger than that of an ordinary grave."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Transformation of a Beech Tree; or, the History of a favourite Black Chair. Related by Itself. Pp. 92. Harris.

KINDLY intended for the amusement and instruction of children, this little work has the farther merit of being devoted to a charitable purpose, should any profits accrue from its sale. The Chair tells its story very prettily, and does not overload the reader with advice. Its good counsels occur naturally, and are given in a way not less likely to be effectual than if more dogmatically impressed.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Robert Peel, on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis. By Robert Masters Kerrison, M.D.

DR. KERRISON is a powerful advocate in the cause of pure and wholesome versus fetid and poisonous water. His arguments are chiefly directed to the refutation of certain misstatements in a Letter addressed by "An Old Housekeeper" to the commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into the nature of the present supply; but he adduces additional proof of the necessity of forthwith adopting some decided means of remedying the existing

evil. We hope that this will be accomplished; and we also hope that justice will be done to the merits of Mr. Wright, who was the first to call the attention of the public to this important subject, and whose able and persevering exertions entitle him to the highest praise.

On the Curative Influence of the Southern Coast of England, especially that of Hastings: with Observations on Diseases in which a Residence on the Coast is most beneficial. By W. Harwood, M.D. Pp. 326. London. Colburn.

THIS is a sensible and well-written book, in which Dr. Harwood strenuously enforces the salubrity of Hastings and the adjacent coast. As it is distinctly shewn, that the temperature of this side of our island, in the vicinity of the sea, is moderate and equable, we have no doubt but it deserves all the commendations bestowed upon it by the worthy author; and, besides, as he is himself a resident and medical practitioner at Hastings, we may be pretty sure that he will be ready to contribute his aid to that of the climate in restoring the sick to convalescence. To the town-smoked wight, the person immersed in worldly cares and business, day after day and month after month, every relaxation, with purer air, more exercise, and the mind relieved from its anxieties, is a healthful restorative; and few places offer greater facilities for the purpose than that which is the theme of Dr. Harwood's panegyric. The bracing plunge into the ocean, the pleasant ride or walk, the hill to climb and the breeze to inhale, the early hour to bed and the early hour to rise,—all tend to invigorate the body and revive the spirits. To such as seek these advantages on the Sussex shores, we recommend this volume; which also contains judicious remarks on the most prevalent disorders, on bathing, and other useful topics.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 26.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion to the Palais d'Elysée Bourbon, where, as usual, the apartments of the palace were crowded with foreigners, particularly English, who, by the way, often transgress the laws of *politesse* in public places, by expressing their opinions too loudly, as well as too freely; and this morning our guide appeared completely offended at the observations of some of my fair countrywomen, who criticised the furniture, and compared English and French splendour, of course giving the preference to their own nation; nor could the *chef-d'œuvres* in painting, from the pencils of Wouwermans, Teniers, Vernet, &c. &c. reconcile *ces belles dames* to the absence of carving and gilding. "Women and moths are ever caught by glare," so, I presume, generally speaking, nought can enchant which does not dazzle them. The solidity as well as the full-stuffed cushions of a rich satin *lit de repos*, soon attracted the eye of a luxurious-looking Hibernian, who, without ceremony, as also without invitation, flung himself thereon at full length, yawned, stretched his arms, threw his dusty boot on the pillow, and no doubt would have indulged the company with a snore, had not our alarmed conductor cried out, "Monsieur! monsieur! on ne couche pas ici:" however he appeared by no means disconcerted by the rebuke, as, the moment afterwards, he established himself in a *bergère*, and strode his legs out to such a length, that to pass them it was necessary to make a *demi-tour*, or to hop over them. Many, indeed, were the lessons

given to my nation—they are, on some occasions, much too *feeling* a people, being unable to resist the propensity of touching whatever attracts their notice. I thought we should all have been sent about our business in consequence of the indiscretion of some of the party, as, in spite of the repeated request of our attendant, to make use of our eyes only, and desist from pawing, scarcely had we reached a beautiful arsenal, in miniature, admirably executed, and laid out on a table (for the purpose of initiating the young Duke de Bordeaux in the destroying arts), than one took up a ball, another took hold of a cannon,—till at last, French patience and French politeness becoming exhausted, our guide threatened to shut the doors. I was, I own, peculiarly mortified; for I was with a French company, who were but too glad to meet with a fair opportunity of attacking English manners: besides, the latter having come in fine equipages, they were adjudged to belong to the first ranks and the *bon-ton* sphere, which may indeed have been the case, for aught I know,—at least coronets and supporters figured on their carriages, and fine laced *chasseurs* were mounted behind them.

It may be interesting to those who intend to visit this city, and who love cheap jaunting, to learn, that our hackney coaches are reduced in price; so that for tenpence English, a drive may be procured of an hour's length. Thanks to the spirit of *concurrence*, which the five-sous vehicle, called the Omnibus, has inspired amongst coaches. *A propos* of this same Omnibus; I would highly recommend it to the *bons-vivants* Englishmen, whose corpulency may threaten apoplexy; for not all the vapour baths, exercising boards, galloping on horseback, &c. &c. can be so effectual in getting rid of an overplus of flesh as that machine. Twice have I made the experiment of a journey in this equality carriage. We set out from the famous M. Drake's, of whose reputation—nineteen precious souls, not "all agog," but most affectionately packed together; each, however, looking rather spitefully at his neighbour for pressing so tightly. Then there was turning up of eyes, and making grimaces at opposite companions, whose puffing and blowing were rather disagreeable to delicate nerves: a plentiful dust, and a still more plentiful perspiration, covered the face of each individual, which called forth the constant use of pocket-handkerchiefs. These were of all colours, and different shades of cleanliness, and kept one on the *qui vive*, by their perpetual waving to and fro, from the pocket to the forehead:—add to all this, each jolt caused a contention of noses, knees, and sometimes, if your equilibrium be not well kept, there is a chance of falling into the arms of a greasy butcher, or a fat horse-dealer. I calculated that I lost one-fourth of my weight in this ambulating oven, to which purgatory itself must be a paradise. The speculators, however, thrive on the sufferings of the traveller, as I understand the five sous swell into three thousand francs per day. The French have learned from the English, that "money makes the man;" therefore every nerve, every idea, leads to this one object; and wo to him who fails! better be a dog, or, what is still worse, a hackney-coach horse.

Some new works are about to make their appearance; amongst others, *Lettres d'un Mendiant Anglais à son confrère Edie Ochiltree*. Monsieur le Mendiant, it appears, possesses more wit than money; it is rather of a piquant nature also, and levelled chiefly against those

whose philanthropy is of a doubtful nature,—who, under the pretence of benefiting others, think but of their own interest. Political economists, too, come in for a few *coups de pates* well applied, and are loudly accused of wishing to consider a part of the human species in a mere mechanical point of view, esteeming them, not according to the qualities with which they may be endowed, but for the profits which may be extracted from them. The volume, or volumes, for I have only seen some quotations, is by no means strewn with roses, but with thorns; yet, I believe, it will be read with pleasure in England, particularly by those whose enlarged egotism (if I may use the expression) makes them desire an alleviation to general sufferings, as the surest means to secure their own enjoyment.

I have heard a work much praised latterly.—*Les Révolutions de la Terre*, by M. Dejean. His hypothesis is, that each revolution of the earth, whose centre is supposed to be fusion, has produced a new creation, and that man was the last.

Ultra *romanticism* is now the mode, in imitation of the English and German writers; and expression is sacrificed to idea. *La Bataille de Navarin*, a poem lately published, is an example of the revolution in style; for amidst fine strophes, there are sometimes the most extraordinary thoughts: but this people are ever in extremes—once take them out of a pendulum movement, they must go at double-quick time. Still, it is well to rebel against those laws of poetry, which tended so much to cramp genius, and reduce similes and metaphors to a very narrow compass; and, above all, injured translations.

The works of *Pierre Ronsard*, who was styled *Prince des Poëtes Français* three hundred years ago, with Commentaries by Monsieur de St. Beuve, is a work highly esteemed here, and much talked of in the *belles lettres* world,—in which, to say the truth, there is a general *disette*.

A new singer, who is to surpass all the *ci-devants* queens of song, is shortly expected in this capital. Her name is not proclaimed, as managers have not come to a sticking point in regard of pounds, shillings, and pence arrangements. Already, prudent mothers and jealous wives are alarmed; for report gives to the fair cantatrice charms of no small degree of perfection; so that, sighing, dying, suiciding, may be anticipated for the ensuing season:—better that love should diminish population than hunger! About ten days ago, Master Cupid is said to have caused a cold-bath and some *coups de poignard*; but such events seldom take place,—the *belle passion* being exterminated for the *riche passion*, a much more solid one; gold keeping *le petit dieu* from flying off, much better than all the fine eyes, fine teeth, rosy lips, and luxuriant hair, in the world.

EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—In offering a few remarks upon Professor Seyffarth's account of the discovery of an Egyptian History, published in the *Literary Gazette* of the 19th, I beg leave to premise that, "being totally ignorant of, or most imperfectly acquainted with, the Egyptian museums and libraries on the Continent," I am only in the situation of the Professor himself when he published his Rudiments Hieroglyphics; for, with one exception, I do not find

a single reference to any unpublished monument throughout the whole of that work.

Egyptian antiquities occupy at present but a very small share of the public attention in this country; it may not, therefore, be amiss briefly to apprise your readers of the nature of the system of hieroglyphics upon which this discovery is founded, in order that they may be able to judge of its importance.

1. This system was discovered by a very learned and most amiable young man, of the name of Spohn; and, as the professor informs us, not as the result of his researches in a subject which he had very lately taken up, but '*afflatu quasi divino*,' or, in plain English, by one of those sallies of the imagination which the Germans are too apt to mistake for rational deductions.

2. Spohn tried the system he had thus discovered upon the Enchorial papyrus generally called the Casali MS., a Greek translation of which was afterwards found in another papyrus by Dr. Young. According to Spohn, it contains an address to the sun; according to the Greek translation, it is a record of the purchase of certain lands in the neighbourhood of Thebes!

3. This system is grounded in certain fancied resemblances between the Enchorial characters and the few Phœnician letters which have been recovered from coins and inscriptions.

4. Upon this crumbling foundation is built the gigantic hieroglyphic system of Professor Seyffarth, who assumes that hieroglyphs are merely Phœnician or Enchorial characters flourished out into the forms of physical objects; or, in other words, hieroglyphs are the symbols, not of sounds, but of letters or parts of letters.

5. From this principle he infers conclusions whence it necessarily follows, that any hieroglyphic character may be the representation of any letter of the alphabet, or of all of them in succession, or of any part of any letter.

6. As if this were not latitude enough, the ingenuity of the professor has contrived a still further extension of the vagueness of his system; for, according to this great authority, the parts of any character may be separated and become parts of different letters. For instance, the bee, which is inscribed in a disjointed and slovenly manner on many of the later monuments, he completely takes to pieces, assigning the head to one letter, the wings to another, the thorax to a third, and the abdomen to a fourth.

With the assistance of such a system, that man must be dull indeed who cannot discover Manetho's History of Egypt, or Hume's History of England, or any other work he may choose to search for, in any collection of papyri in Europe.

I have thus stated Seyffarth's hieroglyphic system exactly as it presented itself to my mind after three careful perusals of the Rudiments Hieroglyphics: I beg, however, to give it under correction; for I acknowledge myself to be one of those who find very great difficulty in comprehending the professor's meaning.

Leeds, July 23, 1836.

J. X.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SAFETY LAMP.

MR. DILLON, a mercantile gentleman of Belfast, has produced a safety lamp similar to Sir Humphry Davy's, but somewhat modified, in consequence of the new principle on which the inventor maintains that its security depends. His theory is directly opposed to that of Sir H. Davy; the latter holding, that the property

of the lamp, in not being liable to explode the surrounding fire damp, arises from the gauze wire repelling the internal flame, and forming, about it, a *cool atmosphere*, through which ignition cannot take place; while Mr. Dillon contends, that the non-ignition is the result of the radiation of *heat* from the gauze wire, which rarefies the external air, and precludes that access of oxygen necessary to the propagation of flame. Several experiments (which we have not seen tried) appear to countenance this new theory. It is stated to us, that a lamp just lighted, and of course quite cold, if plunged into a jar of carburetted hydrogen gas, communicates the flame immediately, and causes an explosion; but if suffered to remain burning till the gauze wire is sufficiently heated, that it may be plunged into the same gas with perfect safety. This hypothesis may, therefore, be readily submitted to the test, and chemists be enabled at once to determine whether it is fanciful, or one of the most important discoveries that has recently been made for the benefit of mankind. We confess we are inclined to think well of it, not merely from its obvious simplicity and reasonableness, but from having heard that miners in the coal-pits are in the habit of covering their Davy's lamps when they feel a current of cold air rushing towards them,—a sort of practical act, suggested by experience, as if they felt that such a current might produce an accident, contrary to the hypothesis hitherto supported, and consistently with that of Mr. Dillon. The latter introduces a talc shield, either half way round, to front the cold blast when it occurs,—or quite round the lamp, to augment the heat, for the same reason which has led the miner to protect the Davy light.

FERNANDO PO: JOURNAL CONTINUED.

I ARRIVED at my hut about three o'clock, and was received by the chief and his party with a hearty welcome. Several bottles of tope were immediately brought me by different individuals, from whom, both before and afterwards, I received similar acts of kindness. Scarcely had I been seated five minutes, when, to my great surprise, Cut-throat entered the hut with a quarter of mutton, roasted; Incledon followed with another, boiled; others with a boiled and roasted fowl—the head and lights of the sheep stewed in (what I judged to be) palm wine—the liver also stewed with spice in palm oil—boiled and roasted yams, &c. Here was a dinner as multifariously cooked as one would think a half-sheep, weighing ten pounds, could be. What added not a little to my astonishment on seeing these dishes before me, was the casting, by chance, my eyes to the spot where my half of the sheep had been hung, and to observe it still there. The mutton which had been brought me, it appeared, was the two quarters I had in the morning sent to the Coco-lac-o. With the exception of the stews, which were in earthen pans, the other articles were given me from the hands of the carriers. Feeling thankful for these anticipations of my wishes, I received every thing with the best grace; carefully refraining from letting them imagine that any part was to my distaste. I sent for the chief to partake of my dinner with me. He came and sat beside me, but would neither eat nor drink any thing. My Krooman and I then set to, and, uninviting as the viands were to English eyes and palates, I doubt much my ever eating heartier, or enjoying a dinner more in my life—although surrounded with a hundred or two of both sexes, whose eyes were constantly rivetted on me: not to say a word

of the exudations of their odoriferous bodies. Whatever may be thought of it, the liver cooked in the palm oil was delicious. My Krooman, as he predicted, did ample justice to one quarter of the mutton, and also assisted in removing the other from sight. The remainder was soon despatched by Cut-throat and attendants. After I had finished, two bottles of topé were given me by the chief. In the course of the afternoon, having watched him out of the hamlet, I determined upon gaining admittance to his hut. Fortune favoured the attempt. While in dalliance with one of his thirteen wives that were seated outside my dwelling, she got up (maiden like) and ran into her hut, I, of course, following. I found it to contain four compartments or divisions. The first on entering was the kitchen or place they live in by day, having a large fire burning in the centre, with various cooking utensils, made of clay, lying about. The second division was a sitting room, remarkably neat and clean, with a fire-place in the centre. Round the sides were ten or twelve logs of wood, used as seats, with a larger and neater one at the end for the chiefs. The third appeared to be the children's apartment or sleeping-room, it being entirely full of them. The fourth was a store-room, in which were numberless rude articles, whose utility, from the casual glance I had of them, I could not make out. The ensemble was unique and imposing—at least to me it appeared so. The chief returning a short time after my leaving the hut, I led him towards the spot where his wives were seated. In the course of our conversation (if it could so be termed) he informed me he had twenty-one wives, and twice as many children. This may appear incredible; but when I state that fifteen of the former and near thirty of the latter were about me at the time, it will readily be believed. About an hour before sun-set I paid a visit to the chief of one of the neighbouring towns, who last evening visited the chief with whom I was stopping, who appears to be the supreme head of all that part of the country. He paid me great attention, and took me into the travelling or audience-hut of his town, similar to the one in which I was lodged. He treated me kindly and hospitably. His establishment consisted of from one to sixty dwellings, whereas that of Yapa had not more than twenty, having no one about him but his immediate officers. I was placed on his right, close to a fire. Around him sat his officers, and behind them, in different parts of the hut, were at least a hundred of both sexes stowed, with twice as many outside, and filling up every avenue to it. Immediately on taking my seat, he called to some one in the rear of the hut, which was answered by a female voice. A shifting-board was then removed from behind him, when from a kind of balcony outside entered ten women (these were his wives), the first carrying a cock, many of the others calabashes of palm wine. They took their seats immediately behind the chief. The cock was then in form presented to me, with the usual ceremony of stroking down, and adorning my person with twigs; though, from being placed near the fire, conjoined with the want of a circulation of air, in consequence of the crowds outside, I was in a far worse predicament than yesterday. This affair over, I was again seated in my place alongside the fire, and all attempts to leave it were rendered abortive by the well-meant, though ill-timed, officiousness of the chiefs. We then commenced drinking topé, every bottle being given to me to serve out. After emptying

five large calabashes, I proposed quitting; for what with the topé and the fire, I was in a perfect state of dissolution. This, however, could not be allowed;—the chief and the Krooman by this time having become the best of friends; a bottle was therefore sent for for him. This having been merrily discussed, I again got up for the purpose of leaving, but to no effect, being again obliged to resume my seat. Another calabash was then brought, and given to me by the chief with the same unpleasant ceremonies as the first, to my no little annoyance; but having disposed of it, principally among the ladies, who crowded about me with their little calabashes to fill, I determined on leaving. The separation was with difficulty accomplished, the old chief catching me about the neck, and entreating me to stop and take another calabash, and as much as saying, "and then we won't part." He then informed me he intended to take a couple of sheep down with me to Clarence in the morning; and we parted, he and his followers accompanying me to the entrance of the court of Yapa. So very inquisitive were the ladies to ascertain if all parts of my body were of the same colour, that they nearly tore my clothes off my back. I was obliged to take my jacket and waistcoat off and carry them in my hand. The cock is the present which appears to me to be the peace-offering, or mode of greeting friends, having repeatedly had them given me by chiefs on their visits to our market establishment. On my return to my domicile, I found my young friend who had always furnished me with topé, waiting for me with a renewed supply. Scarce an hour passed, when there, without his bringing me a fresh calabash. I now visited a few of the dwellings round my own, but with difficulty; some four or five ladies invariably stopping up the entrance on my approach. My mode of succeeding was by commencing a game of romping with them, which soon put them to flight. I found these huts in much the same state as the chief's, with the exception of their wanting the culinary utensils and stores I observed in the former. Soon after dark, I returned to my dwelling, where I was joined by Cut-throat, Incledon, and nine or ten of their friends. A large fire was then made, round which they assembled—the greater part with their wives, or rather a wife. Yams were then placed on the fire, and ten or twelve calabashes of topé brought in. The chief came to the entrance of the hut and presented me with a bottle of topé. I went back with him to his hut, and requested permission to go in and drink it with him. This was instantly refused, with an intimation to go to my dwelling. This I thought it proper to do immediately, first cordially shaking him by the hand. My companions I found seated round the fire, busily engaged cooking their yams. I was requested to take a seat among them, which I did;—the topé was then handed about, and singing commenced, each singing in his turn. The yams being ready, they commenced their supper. While they were so employed, I went out and visited several huts, where I found the same pastimes going forward. Each party asked me to sit down with them and partake of their cheer. In the six huts into which I went, I found a good fire burning, and from fifteen to twenty persons in each—the women appearing to be by far the most numerous. Every thing betokened mirth and domestic happiness. On my return to my hut, singing immediately recommenced, and with that its usual concomitant, drinking. Perceiving them inclined to make a merry evening of it, I took down the

two quarters of mutton, which were still hanging over my bed-place, and presented it to them. No sooner was my gift received, than a man was despatched from the hut, who presently returned with six calabashes of topé. In a few minutes the mutton was cooked to their taste, cut up, and distributed equally, including my own proportion, and no more. Although barely warmed through, I ate as much as I could, for the sake of good fellowship. The topé now began to fly about in abundance, which brought forward many volunteers of their vocal abilities. The ladies sang by themselves, in a far from disagreeable key. Their songs did not appear to consist of more than a dozen words, which, as solo and chorus, were continued for a quarter of an hour at a time. Krooman and I were obliged to sing in our turns. Having discussed fifteen or sixteen of the calabashes of topé, and perceiving some of the party becoming uproarious, I retreated to my bed-place, where, wrapping myself in my blanket, I lay down. Many of the party now left the hut. Cut-throat and Incledon, having finished the remainder of the topé, betook themselves to rest with their wives, alongside my bed-place: others at short distances from them. I secured for the Krooman a place close by the fire, which was now made up, so as to burn the night out. A more social evening I could not well have spent, every thing being done by all present to make me comfortable and cheerful.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE vacation of this institution commenced this week; but during the holiday there is an immense deal to be done in arranging the library, and other important matters. His Majesty's and Sir Joseph Banks's collections have nobly augmented this branch of the establishment; and when duplicates shall have been exchanged for the few works that are wanted, it will be one of the most complete libraries in the world, and in some respects unequalled.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Views of Pompeii. Drawn on stone by J. D. Harding; after Drawings by William Light, Esq. late on the Staff of the Army under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. Carpenter and Son.

THESE Views, which are twenty-five in number (besides a general plan of the city) give an excellent idea of this remarkable relic of antiquity, buried for so many centuries under volcanic ashes. The Views which are without figures are the most satisfactory; not merely because the sentiment of solitude is thereby left unimpaired, but because the incongruity of modern habits in such scenes is striking. The introduction of an English carriage into the View of the Villa of Diomedes has a singularly bad effect. With this trifling exception, however, the execution of the plates does both Colonel Light and Mr. Harding great credit. Every plate is accompanied by a brief letter-press description. While we were turning over and admiring the volume, a letter reached us from an intelligent English friend now at Naples, from which we extract the following passage, as happily expressive of the feelings which a visit to this extraordinary scene is calculated to excite:—

"Ten days ago we went to Pompeii. It was all marvel and beauty;—the city a wonder, and its site fairy-land. You do not see

ascend, you rise to Pompeii. Its first aspect is that of a mound of earth; and, when you enter, above lofty columns and walls you see large trees growing. The ashes that overwhelmed the city, and the soil thrown out in making the excavations, have produced this mound-like exterior. But what shall I say of the interior? Perfect streets, rows of shops, theatres, palaces, temples,—standing in majestic and silent desolation: our aged guide and ourselves the only human beings visible, amidst edifices, and in places, once thronged and noisy with multitudes, intent on business, or pleasure, or piety!"

Portraits of Madame Vestris, Miss P. Glover, Mr. Williams, and Mr. Liston; in the Comedy of Paul Pry. Painted by G. Clint, A.R.A. Engraved by T. Lupton. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

An excellent theatrical group. With the exception of that of Madame Vestris, which, although all the features are there, we cannot say we think a striking likeness, the resemblances are admirable. We believe that the portrait of Mr. Liston is the only one for which he ever sat in character. It is perfect. The print is very finely engraved.

Sua Maesta Georgia IV. Re d'Inghilterra.

By P. A. Tealdi. Engraved by I. Fothergill. London; Moon, Boys, and Graves: Manchester, Agnew and Zanetti.

THIS curious composition is from a pen-and-ink drawing of the same size by an Italian gentleman resident in Manchester. It represents his Majesty on a war-horse, and nearly the whole is formed of the flourishes of penmanship; so that whatever may be said of the manufacturers of Manchester just now, it cannot be denied that it has produced a most flourishing king.

The Market Gardeners. Painted by Witherington; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Moon, Boys, and Graves.

REFLETE with rustic beauty and truth, this refreshing and natural scene makes a pleasing and animated print. The distance on the left is sweetly pencilled, and contrasts well with the luxuriance of the foliage over the latticed shed on the right. The figures are all well introduced; and the little group, with the child offering a green leaf to an ass, peculiarly well imagined. Only 250 copies are taken.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities.

—The publication of a very interesting work, under the above title, illustrated by a series of prints, representing the ancient gateways, castles, mansions, street-scenery, &c.; with historical and descriptive accounts of each subject, and of the popular characteristic of every city—is about to be commenced by John Britton, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. It is to consist of six numbers; and each number to include at least ten engravings and four wood-cuts. "Every city," as Mr. Britton justly observes in his prospectus, "offers its distinctive architectural and natural features; and each involves historical and local characteristics which are not merely interesting to the provincial antiquary, but to most readers of laudable curiosity. The CITY, both in the olden and in modern times, is unquestionably a place of varied and commanding importance. Either environed with fortified walls and bastion towers, as York and Chester; seated on a navigable river, as London; or tranquil stream, as Salisbury; crouching in the peaceful and

fertile vale, as Wells; crowning the craggy, romantic rock, as Durham; or partly in a dell, and on the deep shelving hill, as Bath, with the noble and venerable cathedral overtopping and dignifying the crowded dwellings of its citizens; it commands attention in the distance, and still more on closer inspection." We have seen specimens both of the plates and of the wood-cuts with which this work is to be decorated: they are eminently beautiful.

NATIONAL GALLERY AND ROYAL ACADEMY.

REPORT says that Mr. Nash is to be intrusted with the erection of a National Gallery and Royal Academy, on the site of the King's Mews. We wish we could see one public building worthy of a great country, and of a period in which the splendid art of architecture was felt and understood!

ENAMEL PAINTINGS.

WE have just seen, at the Egyptian Hall, six specimens of enamels on a large scale, by Madame Jaquotot, painter on porcelain to the King of France, which have been sent for sale to this country. They are fine examples of female talent,—three being copies from Raphaels, one from Holbein, one from Girardot, and one original head of Buonaparte—much flattered in every respect. The head from Holbein is, in our judgment, the most successful production; the countenance is beautiful, and the ornaments rich. Were these works upon copper, instead of porcelain, they would be still more valuable; but even as they are, they merit the notice and admiration of the lovers of art.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE PLACE OF REST.

I AM weary of life, I am tired of the earth,
Of its dark sorrows and boisterous mirth,
Of its changeful scenes, its uncertain joys,
Its wo that frowns, and its pleasure that cloy,
Of its dreams that delude the youthful breast:
—Would I could find me a place of rest!

I sought in a land far beyond the sea,
Where the flowers came forth in radiance,
Where shone the clearest and sunniest sky;
But, alas! I found that the flowers would die,
That clouds would o'ershadow the heaven's
blue breast;

And I left it,—for me 'twas no place of rest!

I returned again to the spot of my birth;
But change had come on its cheerful hearth:
Some were now wanderers o'er the far wave,
Some were at peace in the lonely grave:
There were still some hearts that were not
estranged; [changed!]

But, except their affections, all things were
There were voices beloved, but the tremulous
tone

Told of the years that had over them gone;
There were brows that, scarce touched by
Time's darkening wing,
Looked like the lingering flowers of spring;
There were smiles—but they only shone on
decay.

Like the fading light on the dying day.

There were heads with whose sunny clustering
hair

Was mingled the early snow of care;
There were eyes,—but where was their once
bright hue?

A mist of tears had come over their blue:
Oh! I brook'd not to look on such altered
things,

And I stayed not there my wanderings.

I went to fair cities, and in the crowd
I mingled awhile with the gay and the proud;
I strove to be happy, I strove to smile,
But the days pass'd heavily on the while;
And though every hour with mirth was fraught,
It bore not within it the peace I sought.

I fled away into solitude,
I hoped to find quiet by mountain and wood;
But, alas! when the spirit would use its wings,
And mingle with grand and glorious things,
'Tis fetter'd by clay to its mortal sphere:
—Rest there was none for my bosom here.

I sat me down 'neath the midnight sky,
The bright stars sparkled like gems on high;
Before me lay the mighty deep,
Still murmuring on in its peaceful sleep—
And I thought, as I looked on its heaving
breast,

"There is indeed no place of rest!"

But there came a still small voice through the
gloom—

"Thing of the dust! return thee home:
Is it thine to repine at the will of Him
Before whom yon glorious stars are dim?
Pray that sins may be forgiven;
Hope for a resting-place in heaven."

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

VAUXHALL.

IN order to augment the attractions and respectability of this fashionable spot, a new scheme was advertised for last night, and, we presume, carried into execution. It seems to be an improvement upon a practice once introduced at Sadler's Wells, but subsequently relinquished, either in consequence of being too genteel, or not being genteel enough for that favourite place of resort. While it lasted, every person who paid for their admittance to the boxes or pit, had a check-ticket given them, which entitled each to a pint of genuine port wine, *alias* blackstrap of the *Right* sort, specially im-Ported by the managers for this generous purpose. As was to be expected, the wine was of the *first* quality (so called, we believe, from having the least imaginable portion of the juice of grape in its composition), and the audience got regularly half-drunk, noisy, and indecorous, on the strong and heady beverage. Every thing went off with spirit, even benches and chandeliers; and the union of Bacchus with Melpomene, and Silenus with Thalia, was nightly productive of the utmost pleasure and gratification to elegant and crowded houses. With the memory of such effects green on their minds (almost the only green left for Vauxhall Gardens), it is not surprising that the spirited proprietors, and be-knighted inspectors of these *menus plaisirs*, should have thought of extending this happy idea, and making the orgies of Bacchidae familiar to the classic scene of their liberal exertions. According to this plan, it seems, a lottery and a lot of wine are to be drawn, in the proportion of five thousand gifts to every ten thousand visitors; for, it will be observed, that every thing done here is upon a grand scale! Thus, last night, supposing 10,000 persons to be at Vauxhall; "the presents which the proprietors intended to have the pleasure of offering" were to consist of 60 dozens of "fine old port" in 16 lots, of 6, 4, 3, and 2 dozens (four lots of each); and 10 dozen of champagne, and 10 dozen of claret, in twenty chances, of a dozen each. But this is not all—there are 180 prizes, cards of admissions for Monday next, which entitle the fortunate holders, individually, to supper, and

two bottles of wine per man or woman, viz. one of champagne and one of sherry. Two hundred double admissions, and 4704 single tickets, complete the attractions of this admirable invention. Friendly as we are to refinements in popular amusements, we cannot but pronounce the warmest eulogy upon this super-excellent project. In the first place, the influx of the better order of visitors, from the free distribution of some five thousand free orders, must tend greatly to increase the influx of those polished and well-conducted classes of society, who have of late taken Vauxhall so completely under their patronage and protection. Thus, we shall have the satisfaction of seeing the same elegance of manners, the same propriety and order, the same courteousness and good breeding, prevail throughout, and to hear the same delicate language and the same beauties of expression (accompanied by the same appropriateness of look, gesture, and action) to which we have already become partially accustomed; only they will proceed from thousands instead of hundreds of *sans souci*, *sans six sous* revellers. Then again all the complaints of dullness and ennui at these henceforward Elysian gardens must vanish. Only think of the joyous spirit that will be infused into the general crowd by the lucky hundred and eighty 2-bottle ladies and gentlemen! The example of their perfect happiness will act as yeast upon the mighty batch, and cause a glorious fermentation of the whole unleavened mass. What the still more fortunate holders of the 6, 4, 3, 2, and one-dozen prizes are to do, we know not; only we trust, for the sake of the *ensemble*, that every drop will be consumed in these festive sports. The wines, as may surely be anticipated, being of the best and purest kinds, will no doubt be a great temptation to the higher and more respectable orders of citizens, their wives and families, to hurry in numbers to Vauxhall; but as we would also humanely like to do something for the gratification of the less elevated and refined classes, we beg to suggest the expediency of a "little go" of gin, and gin and bitters, for the benefit of parties to whom these potations may be more agreeable. Five hundred free tickets, with supper and a quart of Deady's Entire of the first quality, with half a pint of "fine old" bitters, would greatly improve the design, and add much to the hilarity and politeness of the festival. It is true that gin cannot be bought or made at so cheap a rate as wine, especially the claret and champagne sorts, and therefore even the extravagant managers of Vauxhall might object to this expense; but we are sure, if they will only indulge the public taste, and amend the popular morals, by acting on this hint, they will be cheerfully allowed to save the cost in another mode. They may discontinue the hydro-pyric fire-works, and all other sights whatever; for the company will be so wrapt in their own internal enjoyments, that they will care for nothing else. The juvenile nights, too, may be more frequently and profitably repeated with the same entertainments; and all rational parents will take their children, with similar views to those of the ancient Spartans on the days when they exhibited the Helotes in all their glory. Upon the whole, we are convinced that this scheme will amazingly promote the interests of these well-managed gardens, and that they will acquire such influence with the community at large as never more to fear any magisterial questioning about licenses: at all events, they can take license enough, and without encouraging licentiousness, afford the

population of the metropolis opportunities for passing the weary hours in innocent, sober, moral, and intellectual recreations.

BAVARIA: A PATTERN KINGDOM!!

BAVARIA [as we have had frequent occasion to observe in our reviews of travels, &c. which mentioned that country] offers at the present moment a spectacle of rapidly increasing civilisation, of encouragement to the arts, of the establishment of public institutions, of enlightened protection afforded by its monarch to every thing conducive to the national prosperity, which it is highly gratifying to contemplate, and which may well be held up for the imitation of nations of prouder pretensions. At the time of the death of Charles-Theodore (the last elector of the Palatine House), Bavaria groaned under a greater load of abuses than any other country in the world. Its feeble population, of seven or eight hundred thousand, was inadequate to the cultivation of the soil; industry languished; immense districts were wholly unproductive; religious censorship, political censorship, court intrigues, office intrigues, monopolies, reversed judgments, tortures, servitude, intolerance, an ignorant theocracy, an ill-concealed despotism; in one word, every vicious element of the old governments,—there exercised their fatal influence. And in fourteen years all has been changed! The deserts have become fruitful; manufactures are improving; commerce rapidly increases; the arts and sciences flourish; and four millions of Bavarians are at the head of German civilisation! The commencement of this happy metamorphosis was by Maximilian-Joseph, the first sovereign of the existing dynasty. What he began, Louis, the present monarch, has completed, with a wisdom, a perseverance, and a self-devotion, worthy of the highest praise. Accustomed from his earliest youth to serious studies; formed in the school of the most remarkable men of his age; for a long time suffering under adversity; this august prince became wise before he became a king, and became great before he became powerful. The early acts of his reign evinced a plan which had been nobly premeditated. He cheered up the drooping spirits of his subjects. Literary works ceased to be submitted to the veto of the censor; the people resumed their ancient habits; the charter of Joseph, completed by the requisite laws, and joined to a government wisely monarchical, and reviving the national glory, threw a new lustre on the Bavarian throne. Religious dissensions had manifested themselves in various parts of the kingdom, and the different parties appeared ready to engage in open conflict. An illustrious example was set them by their prince, who, eminently pious himself, granted to every sect impartial protection, and cherished a profound religious peace. Public instruction had not hitherto been associated with morals. The king united them: he endeavoured to procure for his people the benefits of modern knowledge, without withholding from them the indispensable consolations of religion and morality. "Enlighten and amend my subjects," said he one day to his ministers; "for Christian piety is not the daughter of ignorance." *Neque enim pietas ignorantia filia.*—Literature, painting, and sculpture, had scarcely assumed in Germany a decided character. From the sixteenth century, the taste of the great, when they had any, exhausted itself in objects of mere curiosity, or in collections formed on the suggestions of individual

caprice. Under Louis, Munich became a new Athens. A distinguished university was established. An academy of arts was formed, which has been incessantly employed in collecting objects of art, and in instructing pupils, whose talents will soon surprise Europe. Schools of art are about to be established at Nuremberg, Augsburg, Wursburg, Ratisbon, and Bamberg. Nearly eight thousand valuable pictures, which have been assembled at Munich, will ornament those towns, which were the cradle of the arts in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Two museums, the one ancient, the other modern, have been created at a great expense; and orders have been given for the formation of a national library. All these, and other important objects, the king has secured without any augmentation of taxes; or rather, while making good an old deficiency, constructing an immense fortress, improving the military system, and paving the way for a reduction of duties. Thus the government has become at the same time stronger and more popular. Its moderation has passed into all hearts. The king has sworn to maintain the charter, and the existing rights of the people; and the people, on the other hand, are imbued with deep respect for the just prerogatives of the throne. The commencement of a Medicean age exhibits itself every where. Prosperity pervades the capital and the provinces; and they combine in honouring their young monarch, as a benefactor to humanity.—*Condensed from the Revue Encyclopédique.*

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Tuesday Mozart's admired opera *Così Fan Tutte* was produced in an English form at this theatre, under the odd title of *Tit for Tat*. It was what the play-bills would call most triumphantly successful, and has been repeated every night to crowded houses. The music, under the direction of Mr. Hawes, is, indeed, a supreme treat; and his presiding at the piano-forte produces an excellent effect throughout, both on the stage and in the orchestra. The parts are cast as follows:—*Fiordiligi* and *Dorabella*, Miss Betts and Miss Cawse; *Despina*, Mad. Feron; *Ferrando* and *Guglielmo*, Mr. Wood and Mr. Thorne; and *Alfonso*, Mr. Phillips. In spite of the absurdity of the plot, and the awkwardness of having every thing done by couples, (the two ladies, the two lovers, and the two plotters,) the incidents, separately, go off with sufficient effect; but the charm of all lies in the delicious and varied harmony with which the piece is teeming. The performers exerted themselves much, and displayed even more talent than we anticipated. Phillips's rich tones are quite beautiful in the concerted compositions; and Mad. Feron looks as fat and round as a barrel-organ, pouring out her pleasing notes. We ought also to mention the other vocalists with much applause, for their exertions well merit it, and must ensure *Tit for Tat* a prosperous run during the season.

MR. LAPORTE has, we hear, agreed to take the King's Theatre again next season, giving a rent of £13,000 instead of £8000.

MACREADY.

THE French critics speak in terms of the highest admiration of Macready's *William Tell*. "Happy are the London authors," remarks one of them, "who possess a poet-actor, capable of imparting substance and soul to their sketches. It is impossible to approach more

nearly than Macready does to the ideal of William Tell. His gesture, his walk, his attitudes, all his manners, are those of a mountaineer. With what ease he handles the iron-pointed pole which is to support him on the ice! In the commencement of the scene of the oath of Rusly, how his voice, summoning his comrades, resounds among the rocks, and appears to prolong its echo in the mountains! When, on his return home, he amuses himself by giving his son a lesson on the bow, all his movements are simple, beautiful, true. But see,—a poor old man, whom the cruel Gesler has just deprived of sight, appears! Behold, how all Tell's faculties are suspended! His whole soul is concentrated in the look with which he regards the miserable sufferer. At length, his passion bursts forth in imprecations; it is so terrible and vehement, that it suffocates him; he calls for water, which he is unable to drink. But he will punish the crime!—that thought consoles him. To these follow a succession of scenes, which must be witnessed by those who wish to know how far the force of action can go, and what a crowd of profound, tender, and vehement feelings Macready is gifted with the power of expressing. Never did we observe a whole audience experience a more overwhelming or a more prolonged emotion."

VARIETIES.

French Press.—During the last year, the number of successful prosecutions against the periodical press in Paris was six; that of successful prosecutions against the periodical press in the departments, three. The number of successful prosecutions against the other branches of the press was in Paris four; in the departments, three.

Balloons.—Balloon ascents have long ceased to have any philosophical or useful purpose attached to them; and have become mere puppet-shows, the more or less attractive as the fools who go up with them run the more or less risk. Of this we have had two specimens this week; one near Manchester, where a person of the name of Green mounted with a balloon so torn that the gas escaped at several holes, and he could only be whirled aloft, clinging to a hoop, for six or eight minutes, by the crazy engine; and another near London, also by an individual called Green, who rose on the back of a pony. We do not know that the police have a right to interfere with the actions of any ass, if confined to himself; but, surely, on the Martin-et Act against cruelty to animals, a horse may be protected from such ridicule and danger. Luckily, on the present occasion, the modern Pegasus had merely a capriole in the air; and the *badauds* of London were hugely delighted with the sight of a horse and another beast of a not very different species flying in the clouds together.

The French child, mentioned in our Paris letters, with the name of Buonaparte on its eye, has come to London for a show; and it is said that Mr. Hamlet has offered £10,000 for it, to attract folks to his Bazar!!

Denmark.—The number of periodicals of all kinds in Denmark amounts in the present year to eighty. M. Gräter, of Ulm, who stands so high for his knowledge of northern literature, has given, in No. XCIII. and XCIX. of the *Ausland*, an excellent account of all the periodical works now extant in Denmark, as communicated to him by a learned friend and native of the country. The first Danish newspaper, it appears, was published in 1644, in the reign of Christian IV., under the title of *Der ordinaire Courant*.

Sir Walter Scott.—The "Tales of a Grandfather" have been translated into French. "The first merit with which one is struck," says a French critic, "in reading this history, composed by Sir Walter Scott for his grandson, is the ingenious and amiable art with which the illustrious author accommodates himself to so young a mind. His work is, nevertheless, well deserving the attention of readers of mature age and more extensive information."

By way, I believe, of raising the wind, Mr. Cartigny, of the *Théâtre Français*, who is considered a distinguished actor, has commenced giving lessons of declamation in the Rue Chantierine; where the curious, who wish to see the rise and progress of theatrical talent, may, on condition of *argent comptant*, witness the performance of young beginners.—*Paris Letter.*

America.—The following is said to be (as far as it goes) a correct statistical view of America, at the close of the year 1826:—

Names of the Countries.	Extent in Square Miles.	Population.	Army, exclusive of Militia.	Ships of the Line.	Frigates.	Small Vessels.
Empire of the Brazils	2,313,000	5,000,000	30,000	6	11	88
The United States of North America	3,596,000	11,600,000	5,779	1	1	13
The United States of Mexico	1,242,000	7,500,000	29,706	1	1	1
The Republic of Colombia	488,000	1,400,000	2,500	1	1	1
The Republic of Lower Peru	575,000	1,700,000	7,400	1	1	1
The Republic of Upper Peru	316,000	1,300,000	8,000	1	1	1
The Republic of Chili	139,000	1,400,000	10,000	1	1	1
The Republic of Argentina	1,000,000	1,000,000	10,000	1	1	1
The Republic of Rio de la Plata	1,000,000	1,000,000	10,000	1	1	1
The Republic of Paraguay	67,000	250,000	5,000	1	1	1
The Republic of Uruguay	1,000,000	250,000	5,000	1	1	1
Spanish America	35,400	1,240,000	30,000	1	1	1
French America	30,000	240,000	30,000	1	1	1
Dutch America	30,000	114,000	30,000	1	1	1
Russian America	370,000	50,000	30,000	1	1	1

Paratonnères.—A powder-magazine at Bayonne was lately struck with lightning, although furnished with a *paratonnère* constructed on principles hitherto supposed to be completely efficacious. The subject has been submitted to the consideration of the Académie des Sciences, in order that, if possible, the cause of the accident may be detected, and the means provided of preventing its recurrence.

Electricity.—By various experiments recently made to ascertain the electrical effects which result from the friction of metals with one another, it appears, that in the following order, viz.—bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, platinum, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, cadmium, antimony,—each metal is positive with reference to the metals which precede it, and negative with reference to the metals which follow it.

Education in France.—At a recent meeting of the Society in Paris for the promotion of elementary instruction, one of the secretaries read a paper, from which it appears, that the number of children in France to whom it is desirable to communicate this instruction is about 5,500,000.—2,750,000 boys and as many girls; that the number of communes is 30,381;

that fewer than 24,000 of these communes have schools for boys; that the schools in those communes, to the number of 27,000, receive 1,070,000 children; that the number of girls educated at schools does not exceed 430,000; and, consequently, that 4,000,000 of children are still in need of instruction. Great hopes are, however, entertained that this desirable object may be accomplished; and it is said that, in the next session, a law on the subject will be proposed for the consideration of the French chambers.

M. Chlois.—This young Russian (the son, however, of German parents), who was an artist of considerable talents, and who at twenty years of age accompanied Kotzebue in his voyage round the world, has lately, we are concerned to say, been assassinated at Mexico. An English gentleman, of the name of Henderson, who was travelling with him, was severely wounded, but escaped.

Ultramarine.—Artificial ultramarine, said to be of a better quality than the finest specimens of natural ultramarine hitherto exhibited in the shops, is now selling in Paris at twenty-five francs (about a guinea) an ounce; being a third of the price of the best natural ultramarine.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A small volume, to be entitled *Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses*, by Dr. Gordon Smith, will shortly appear.

Mr. B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian coins of kings, arranged in chronological order, from their earliest period to the beginning of the fourth century, executed on stone: the gold and bronze coins to be coloured. The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian History through the medium of coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian kings, the various kingdoms of Asia Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Aberdeen.

A sixth edition of Montgomery's *Omni-presence of the Deity* is about to appear.

In the Press.—*Conversations on Geology*, in a duodecimo volume, with Engravings.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Spinsters' Tour in France and Italy, 12mo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Stafford on Strictures of the Uterus, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Duggan's Travels in Sicily, post 8vo. 8s. bds.—Captain Beauchamp's Journey to Morocco, 8vo. 1s. 4d. bds.—Mitchell on the Ergot of Rye, 8vo. 6s. bds.—Innoch's Grammar of Modern Geography, 18mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Burrows on Insanity, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Stewart's Compendium of Modern Geography, 18mo. 3s. 6d. sheep.—Anderson's Sketches of the Ancient Native Irish, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.—Lefebvre's Rudiments of Plane Geometry, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1826.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 17	From 55. to 74.	29.66 — Stat.
Friday .. 18	— 55. — 73.	29.58 to 29.55
Saturday .. 19	— 55. — 70.	29.48 — 29.49
Sunday .. 20	— 47. — 64.	29.44 — 29.24
Monday .. 21	— 51. — 67.	29.41 — 29.50
Tuesday .. 22	— 48. — 66.	29.44 — 29.57
Wednesday 23	— 53. — 70.	29.57 — 29.63

Wind prevailing S.W.

Generally cloudy, with almost incessant rain.

Rain fallen, 1-1/2 of an inch.

July.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 24	From 68. to 64.	29.61 to 29.53
Friday .. 25	— 56. — 68.	29.51 — 29.54
Saturday .. 26	— 53. — 66.	29.48 — 29.64
Sunday .. 27	— 49. — 65.	29.72 — 29.81
Monday .. 28	— 54. — 65.	29.90 — 29.94
Tuesday .. 29	— 48. — 64.	29.06 — 29.94
Wednesday 30	— 46. — 62.	29.85 — 29.86

Prevailing wind N.W. and S.W.

Except the 29th and 30th, generally cloudy, with frequent heavy showers.

Rain fallen, .425 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES H. ADAMS.

Latitude .. 51° 37' 23" N.

Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The foolish, not to say impertinent, letters of thanks for our notice of some music on the 12th of July, must proceed either from female or foreign ignorance of the character of the *Literary Gazette*. As it is anonymous, we can only, as usual, beseech a charity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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This day is published,

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MAGAZINE, NO. CXXII. For August, 1850.
Contents: I. A Speech which ought to have been delivered in the House of Commons during this Session of Parliament.—II. Home Government, No. 25: The Golden Pledge.—III. To the People in Absence: by De la—IV. An archaic guide and previous balance, compiled by Mr. Hodge—V. Notice, Travelling and Political, by a Whig-Natur—VI. Zuluang, the Swiss Reformer.—VII. Artworkman—VIII. English Statutes, by De la—IX. The Chre Election—X. The Music of the Spheres—XI. Residents of our Living Poets, No. 1: Brewhill Paragon—XII. Salmonia. Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

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